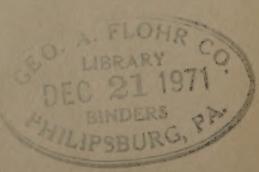


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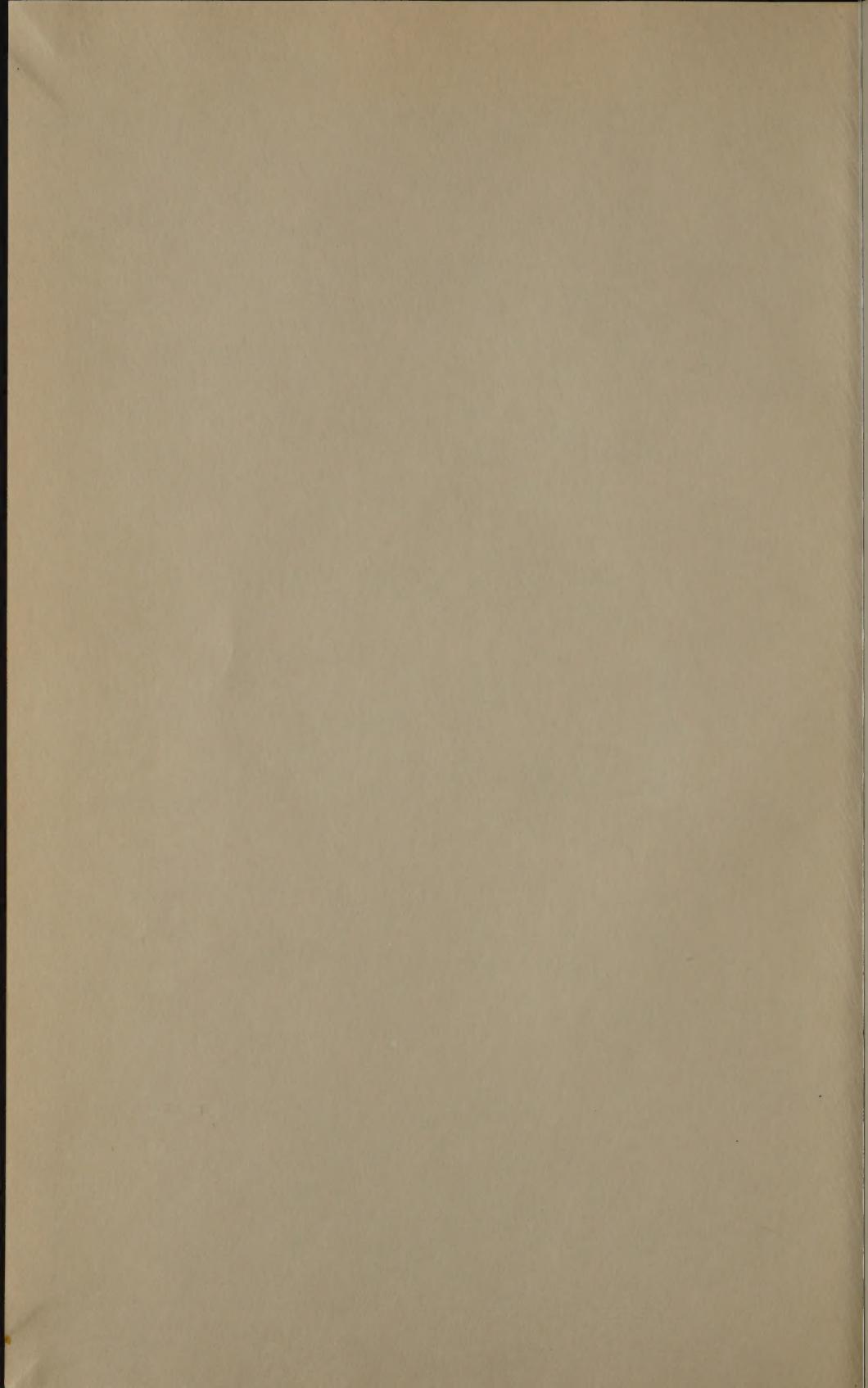


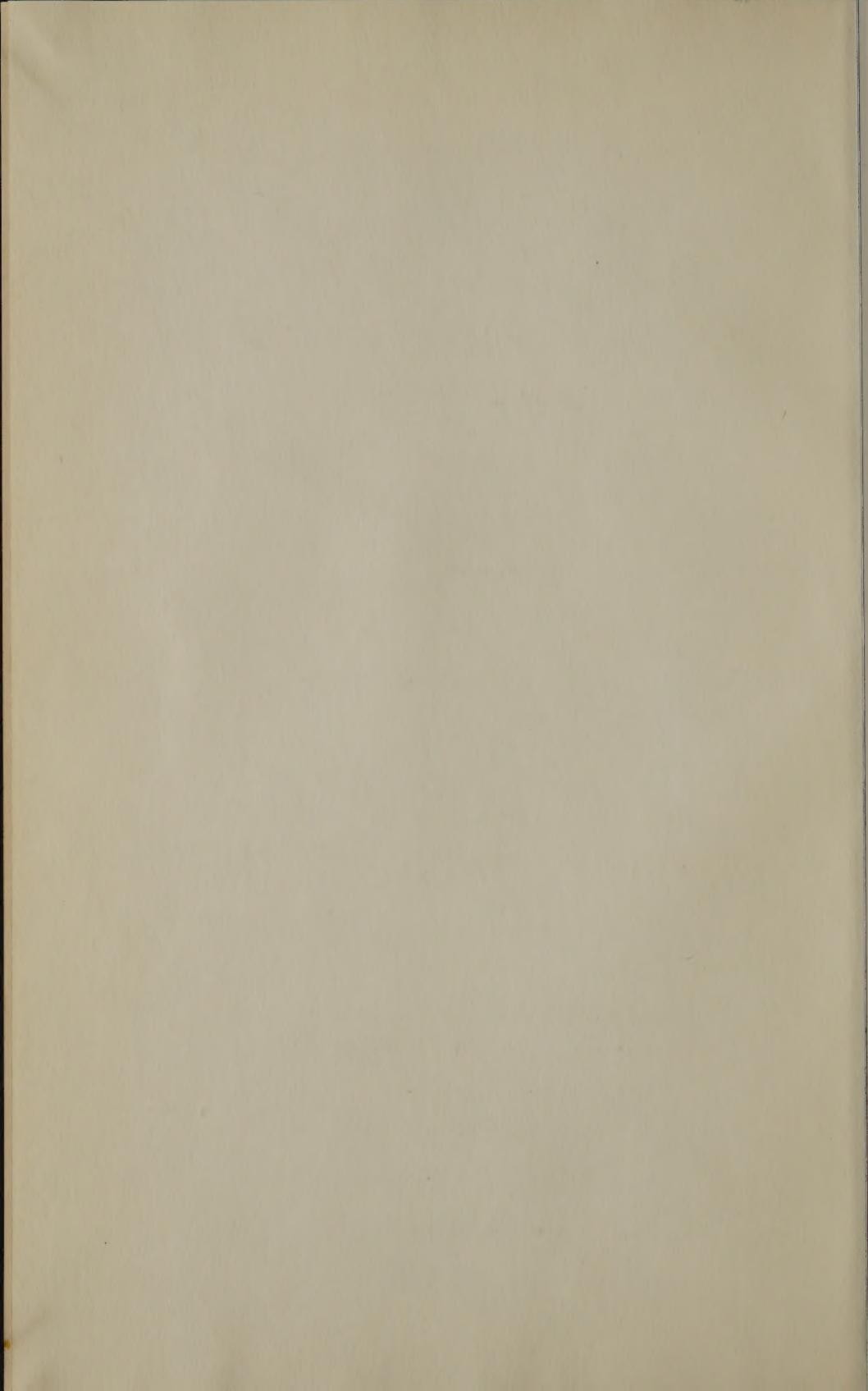
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RECOLLECTIONS OF BY-GONE DAYS IN THE COVE

Volume 8

By ELLA M. SNOWBERGER

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MORRISON'S COVE HERALD

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To Our Subscribers

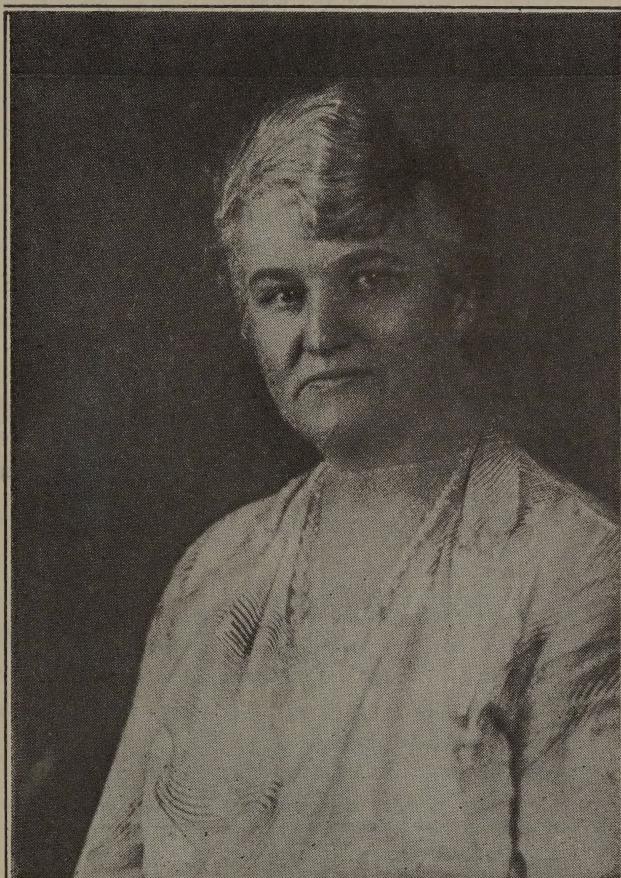
Over all America research in folk lore is turning the light of public attention on the culture that is passed. In Morrisons Cove we have an unusually rich heritage, related by those whose memories reach back into the days when our local history was being moulded. With rapt attention privileged children have long listened to these tales, but now they are made available to all Herald readers—preserved for the generations, after being recorded by Miss Snowberger and published by The Herald.

Miss Snowberger is descended on all family lines from pioneer settlers, so she is well fitted by reason of her Morrisons Cove ancestry to write the series of articles embraced in this, the eighth volume of "Recollections of By-Gone Days in the Cove." By birth and family tradition the Cove inspires in her the warm affection which we reserve for the place we call home.

Miss Snowberger is employed in the office of the Register and Recorder of Blair County. Formerly she taught school and for a period of years was a newspaper reporter on the staff of The Altoona Times and The Tribune. Her residence is Curryville.

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THE AUTHOR



ELLA M. SNOWBERGER

A FOREWORD

This little book is Volume 8 of a series which since the year 1932 has been printed by the Morrisons Cove Herald and distributed among subscribers at the end of the year.

In connection with the Centennial celebration held in Martinsburg in 1932, marking the 100th anniversary of the incorporation of the town as a borough, The Herald began the publication of a series of articles, written by Miss Ella M. Snowberger. These articles told of by-gone days in the Cove as gleaned from the older folks who either had personal knowledge of the old-time customs and practices or who had heard of them from their fathers and mothers.

The articles by Miss Snowberger as they appeared from week to week in The Herald during the year 1932, made a pronounced hit with our readers and there were so many calls for back copies of the paper, copies which could not always be supplied, that the owner of The Herald decided to issue the articles in book form at the end of the year to be presented to subscribers.

As the years went by the demand for these little books seemed to increase and so we have come to Volume 8, which the owner of The Herald sends out with the compliments of the season.

These articles as written by Miss Snowberger bring to the present generation conditions, customs and modes of rural living in the early days of the Cove, bits of history of an era which belongs to the far and distant past.

The manner in which our forefathers lived—their joys and hardships—how they subdued the wilderness with the crude instruments at hand, and laid the groundwork for the more easy living of the present day, should be of important historical significance.

The Herald cannot send this year's book out without dropping a tear for a dear member of The Herald staff—Daniel F. Bassler of Woodbury, whose "Honas and Bevy" articles in Pennsylvania Dutch, in years past had met with such high favor. "Uncle Dan" as he was affectionately known among so many of The Herald folks, during the year just closing went from earth.

In respect to his memory his farewell article, written just a few days before his death as published at that time, is included in this volume.

MORRISON'S COVE HERALD
ELMER C. AKE
Owner

HAS HERITAGE OF MUSIC

Across the chasm severing the distant past from the present, a fragment of melody comes to the memory of Mrs. Nannie J. Geist of North Market street, Martinsburg. It is her mother singing. Singing at her work the do, re, mi of a favorite hymn.

That would be quite a novelty nowadays to hear some one sing a song by sounding the notes in place of the words. Levi Bolger's wife, born Mary Ellen May, sang either way with equal ease. It was the way her father had taught her.

Almost every evening John May would have his children sit in a row of chairs in front of him to join in a feast of music. It was quite a long row, too, since there were twelve children left. Two had died in early childhood. Eager eyes upturned to father, they awaited alertly the sounding of the pitch by his tuning fork, then off they went in unison in ecstatic do, mi, sol, fa, re, la, ti, do. Mr. May never thought of permitting them to sing the words until they had the tune note perfect.

Love For Music Was Inborn

Hence it did not matter what hymn it was, the May children could sing it through by note or words from memory. They knew a long list of them by heart. As love for music was inborn in them they responded joyfully to their father's request, "Now we'll have our do, re, mi's."

Mrs. Geist came by a heritage of music from both sides of the house, the Bolgers, too, having been interested in it from "way back." It has been manifested to an outstanding degree in the ability of the late Professor J. Calvin Bolger, well known music teacher, and, in this generation, in his nephew, Donald of Hollins, Virginia.

Waivering between resort to force

or wheedling, most mothers have a pretty hard time seeing to it that little Mary practices her lessons when she should. Mrs. Levi Bolger's experience was quite to the contrary. Little Nannie wanted to practice on the organ during every spare moment. Miss Lydia Gibboney was her instrumental teacher.

After she had progressed to the stage that her teacher thought it advisable to take piano, Nannie was only too happy to go to Mrs. Henry Thatcher's home on the northeast corner of the diamond, in Martinsburg, where Mrs. Geist's son William now has his place of business, to practice.

Tuning Fork Guaged Pitch

There were only a couple of pianos in town at that time. In fact, organs were very sparse, too. The old tuning fork had to do almost solitary duty in gauging the pitch. L. A. Oellig, the tinner, led the singing at St. John's Reformed church for years before the congregation had acquired an organ, relying on his tuning fork to start off the part singing in key.

The choir could render an anthem as harmoniously without an instrument as with one. They were so well grounded in their do, re, mi's that sight singing was as easy as reading a book.

Nannie could sing even before she played. As a matter of fact she was invited to sing in the choir at the Reformed church when she was only twelve years old, and continued an active member for more than a half century. Judging by the pleasing timbre of her speaking voice, she could still sing well. However, the shock of the sudden deaths of her sister Annie and her brother J. Calvin

Bolger has robbed her heart of the lilt of song.

Professor Meredith conducted singing school at the church for a number of terms. It probably was largely on account of his influence that the congregation bought the first organ. Katie Oellig (Mrs. Phillip Bridenbaugh) and Mrs. Geist, between them, served as organist.

Lived In Present Nicodemus Home

Until she was twelve or fourteen years old, Mrs. Geist's parents lived in the present Miss Ella Nicodemus' residence. Nannie liked the view from the front porch so much. She could see across the fields to the southern horizon where the crest of the mountains kissed the sky.

You see there were only two or three houses on the southern side of East Allegheny street as far as Odd Fellows hall. Major Theophilus Snyder's, Dr. Daniel W. Bonebreak's, and the A. D. Goetz home, with wide spaces between, were on that side of the street. A post and rail fence dividing the street from the adjacent fields gave a delightfully rural aspect to the town.

A friendly little town it was too. The old-fashioned invitation, "Come and bring your knitting," now referred to as an out-moded joke, was carried out literally. The ladies took time to visit one another, taking their sewing along to combine "business with pleasure," as the old saying goes, giving that touch of intimacy that exists only between kinfolks or the closest friends. In the event some one became sick there was no necessity to send an S. O. S. The neighbors volunteered without being asked to help care for the patient.

Attended Two Room School

Nannie, her particular chums, Katie Oellig, Gelia Sanders and Annie Zook, went to school to the old two-room building, the primary below, the

grammar room above where the municipal hall is. The late Professor John Stephens, formerly superintendent of the Blair county schools, is the teacher Mrs. Geist best remembers.

He was an excellent instructor, as well as a good disciplinarian. It must be confessed the heavy hand of correction fell impartially, even alighting once or twice on a certain little girl, who maybe surrendered to the impulse to whisper when the eagle pedagogic eye turned her way. But no secrets!

All the youngsters took their books home from school and how they studied. They virtually learned their lessons by heart. Written assignments seldom were given. Nearly all the recitations were oral. Considerable rivalry existed among the pupils to trap head in spelling class and to make the coveted high marks in scholarship in the other branches.

All work and no play makes Jack or Jill a dull boy or girl, was another rule well observed. The girls had great fun playing at recess. The boys played also but their rough and ready games were too strenuous for the girls to join in. They mostly played by themselves.

In winter, all the boys and girls coasted down Julian and Christiana streets, whose inclines were made to order for that glorious pastime, just as they do nowadays. However, after Mrs. Geist's sled ran into a hitching post with force sufficient to make her believe the impact had stoved her leg into her hip bone, that sport lost its allure. She never tried it again. However, her sister Annie engaged in it with ardent enthusiasm.

To those granted the blessing of a clear memory throughout a long life the pleasures they have had, as a great writer once said, are measured to them two-fold. They have had the enjoyment at the time of their happening and in after years they live

them all over again in the joys of recollection.

Mrs. Geist remembers every house that stood in Martinsburg in her girlhood days. A dear friend lived in this house. She had been at a party or a wedding in that house. Yes, Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So live there now. Just a chance reference to the place, releases a flood of pleasant memories.

Cabinet Shop Was Place Of Interest

One of the happiest pictures in her album of memories is of Grandfather Levi Bolger's cabinet shop. It stood next door to her present home. Grandfather and her father and uncles made it a place of enchantment for small Nannie and her juvenile friends.

The clean aromatic smelling shavings were so nice to play in and the magic the carpenters used at their benches to turn rough boards and blocks of wood into all sorts of familiar objects never ceased to interest the children. Furniture, all kinds of things of use in a household, they made by hand. Even coffins.

The children always had a dread of those weird looking coffins. Wide at the head to accommodate the shoulders and narrow at the foot, with a sliding glass pane or shutter, through which the face and folded hands of the corpse could be viewed, there was no attempt to soften the stark finality of death by tufting and other casket embellishments to impress the beholder that the deceased is but at rest in the rigidity of sleep.

Lost Fear Of Death

By exercise of the unfailing kindness of Mrs. Geist's nature, she lost once and forever her fear of death and of the dead. An old gentleman, Mr. Gruber, lived with his daughter on the other side of the double house, now the Miss Ella Nicodemus residence, then the Levi Bolger home. He died when Nannie was twelve or thirteen years old.

Called upon to help receive the friends, who came to pay their respects to the decedent, the little girl showed them in, pushing back the glass the better to expose the features to their sober gaze. This gracious service bred a familiarity with death that robbed it of all terror. From that time on she had not the least qualm about laying out or being about dead people.

Thinking back to grandfather's cabinet shop, Mrs. Geist laughs in amusement at the disregard for convenience shown by the builder. He put the steps to the loft on the outside. Consequently every time one of the men wished to get a piece of lumber from the stock on the loft, he had to go out the door to climb up the steps. Surely, not an agreeable chore in cold icy weather.

Convenience Was Unknown

But in those days when nearly everything was done by elbow grease not much stress was laid on making things handy. Long hours and hard labor were the natural lot of man. In the back of their mind most people felt a little suspicious of folks who were always trying to think up some easy way of saving work. Must have a lazy streak in them, that's what.

We have seen that the south side of Allegheny street in Mrs. Geist's childhood boasted of but few dwelling houses. The north side was well built up. Her school chums, Katie Oellig, Mary Hagey, Mame Nicodemus and Annie Zook all lived in the row of houses on the north side. The stores were clustered mostly about the diamond.

In muddy weather, hurrying to do an errand for mother down to the store, Nannie was obliged to pick her way carefully. Those sidewalks were pretty awful. Each lot owner laid his own, if any. Some were high, some low. Here was a piece of board walk, with

some of the boards broken or missing. There, a few stepping stones, then planks placed lengthwise, warped at the ends to trap unwary feet whose owner's eyes had strayed abroad.

Good Side Walks Change Town

Over there was an ash strewn path. Hitching posts along the way offered a convenient hold if one tried to swing across a puddle. Perhaps nothing has so changed the outward appearance of Martinsburg as its level, well paved streets and side walks.

After the Bolger family moved to Mrs. Geist's present residence, the fourteen year old Nannie's attention was more familiarly directed to North Market street. Billy Distler's weaving shop and Zimmerman's wagon shop across the street, kept things stirring. The anvil in George Paul's blacksmith shop on the alley rang nearly all day long with hammer strokes as the genial blacksmith plied his trade.

Drug Store At Herald Site

Maybe Nannie stopped in at Court Sanders' drug store where The Herald office is to ask the clerk, Uncle Cal Bolger, for some peppermint drops. In the event Uncle Cal was obliged to say he was out of the article Nannie was sent for, she could go down to the present Dilling triangle to see whether Ross Mateer had it. Mr. Mateer's motto was, "If you don't see it, ask for it. I've got everything."

The general stores were like that, too. In the hap-hazard welter of merchandise piled, with little regard for orderly arrangement, on the shelves or under the counters, the proprietors, Mr. McFadden, Mr. A. J. Anderson or Mr. Thatcher, as the case might be, likely as not could unearth anything from a web of silk to a scoop shovel.

Barter System Used

As for the price tag being openly

displayed, that never would have worked. Those farmers and their wives, who brought their butter and eggs to barter for store goods, would have had the joy taken out of their day to have been thus deprived of jewing the store keeper down on the piece.

The selling price depended a good deal on the buyer. The clerk knew the customer. If he or she was a chronic jewer, he put on the tariff. No man in barter days could have succeeded without having a flexible price to suit the horse trader type of bargain hunter.

United In Marriage

Miss Nannie J. Bolger was united in marriage with George W. Geist at her home June 16, 1881, by her pastor, Rev. J. David Miller. You see she was a June bride. It was a quiet home wedding. Following the wedding the young couple went to housekeeping in Altoona, where the bridegroom engaged in carpentering at the Eleventh Street planing mill.

After a period of two and a half years, Mr. Bolger asked his son-in-law to take over the job of foreman in the former's contracting business. Mr. and Mrs. Geist thereupon moved to Martinsburg, which thereafter was their permanent home.

Supervised Erection Of Churches

During the summer of 1884, Mr. Geist supervised the erection of St. John's Reformed church in Martinsburg and the Salem Reformed church at Beavertown. Their high gracefully proportioned steeples dominated the landscape for miles around. They had to be torn down because they eventually became unsafe. It would be interesting to have a list of all the buildings put up by these two expert carpenters.

The young married set in Martinsburg, outside of church activities, amused themselves at Flinch. Progressive Flinch, if you please. De-

votees of bridge might be inclined to poke fun at Flinch but Mrs. Geist and her friends had loads of good, clean fun playing it. The parties made the rounds among the different members during the winter seasons.

Believes Simple Living Best

Folks today have gotten too far away from simple pleasures and simple living, Mrs. Geist believes. The matter with the world, in the final analysis, is that people have strayed too far from God. The mad pursuit of pleasure, the speed, the racing here, there and everywhere, in her opinion creates, a false excitement that unfits the young people to set their minds on spiritual things. Get back to God and there will be peace instead of strife and rest where there is unrest in the world.

Mr Geist passed away February 1, 1928 Mrs. Geist has continued in the old homestead since. Age has not touched a single faculty except that she suspects her sight is not as keen as formerly. The reason she knows, she says, is because lately she has difficulty threading a needle. Nor does her appearance or movements give evidence of her age, yet she is in her eightieth year. She was born October 17, 1859.

With Christmas being so close at hand, she says she cannot help but remark the contrast between the present and the way it was celebrated in her childhood. The effort at church programs to stress the birth of our Saviour and its significance to the human race, fills our hearts with worship, but on the material side she wonders whether people are not putting an unnecessarily heavy burden upon themselves by buying so much.

Christmas Brought Simple Joys

In her parental home each child, the night before Christmas set a plate or box in some secret place, all a-twitter about whether Kris Kingle would find it. Next morning when these receptacles were discovered to be filed with a few simple gifts, the children were as happy as they are today with a whole store full of toys.

All the wonderful inventions have made the world physically a much more comfortable place to live in. Whether it is a better world, as experience has taught Mrs. Geist, depends upon the people themselves. If they live true to the best that is in them, they will have the key to happiness.

SLEDDING PARTY DAYS

The magic of a party being afoot, set Maggie Burget and her girl friends at Millerstown all a-titter with plans. The Levi B. Burget family had received an invitation from a relative, Mrs. Joe Smeltzer, of Saxton. She had sent them a note asking them to "get up a sled load of young folks and come to our house for a party. We'll have supper ready for you."

Maggie stayed with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. George Z. Smith

on the farm adjoining the Mount Pleasant Reformed church. Her parents and brothers and sisters lived on the homestead farm, now owned by Mr. and Mrs. David Graybill and occupied by their son-in-law, Melvin Summers and family.

Selection Was Difficult

Preliminary to the party, there was much visiting back and forth consulting about this and that. Of paramount importance was the question, "Whom shall we ask?" The sled

box would not hold many. Besides they did not dare have a load too heavy for the horses to pull up the mountain side. Therefore some of their best friends would complain their "nose was too short."

Among these was Frank Bridenthal. His sister confided that Frank was pretty much put out. At last George Wertman, who had been selected to drive the team, brought the sled to the gate. The merry makers got in. The girls in answer to Mother Burget's admonition assured her that they were dressed warmly enough.

Were Warmly Dressed

Considering that each wore her best quilted petticoat in addition to a couple of flannel ones, woolen dresses and wraps and with veils bound over their hoods, they were accoutered sufficiently to go to the north pole. No wonder the girls of those winters, who are old ladies today, regard the modernistic trend toward nudism with ill concealed disapproval.

Now they are off. Conversation and laughter are punctuated by jingle of the bells and the hoof beats of the horses as they trot over the snowy road to the mountain. At the foot of the mountain Blacksmith William Miller and loungers at the shop, who were whiling time away, gave them greetings.

It's hard pulling up the mountain. The road is rutty and so narrow that George Wertman keeps a wary lookout ahead for teams coming from the opposite direction. There will be no chance of passing unless he can veer to the side in one of the turn outs.

In order to permit vehicles to pass each other, the road builders widened the single track at various points so that the driver nearest to the turn-out could pull off to one side, thus giving the other team the courtesy of the right of way.

Meets Sled On Narrow Road

Dear me, what's going to happen

now? Here our party is approaching the crest of the mountain when what should they see but a coal sled and no turn-out in sight. "Say that's the Bridenthal team," exclaimed the boys.

"Yes, that's Frank, too," said his sister Clara. "He was peeved because he wasn't invited. I suspect he's done this on purpose."

Well, there was only one thing to do. The boys helped the girls to jump out into the deep snow, after which they lifted the sled around the other vehicle. The barrage of black looks turned toward Frank did not stop his laughter. He gave the party what to-day we would call the merry ha! ha!

The above is one of the many laugh provoking incidents recalled by Mrs. Margaret Haffly, of West Allegheny street, Martinsburg, widow of Lan Haffly, late prominent school man and farmer. She is the Maggie of our story. Margaret Ellen Burget, as her baptismal record will show.

Recalls Happy Days

The port folio of her recollections is full of happy pictures of earlier and simpler days. She will assure you, also, that they were happier days. The helter-skelter rushing about and nervous strain of the present, which saps the energy and aggravates the disposition, were unknown. Sorrow there certainly was. Loss of loved ones and disappointments; but Mrs. Haffly never allowed the dark moments to blot out her memory of the joys and laughter of yester year.

Having read in The Herald the announcement of the proposed project to macadamize the old Broad Top road leading across Tussey mountain to Stonerstown, it brought fresh to her mind the party above described. It took place during the winter of 1886. The road then was an important thoroughfare on account of the transportation of coal, lumber and grain.

Mrs. Haffly is sure that motorists, who in the future will glide over the

smooth surface of the roadway with the speed of the wind, will not have more pleasure than she had on that long ago sled ride.

In concluding her story, she confessed she stayed out all night. On account of the hazardous driving as much as anything else, the party did not break up until daylight. Mrs. Haffly joined in the laughter occasioned by the razzing of her foster daughter, Mrs. Homer Ritchey, and the reporter, as heartily as they.

Always Liked Doughnuts

Mrs. Haffly has always liked doughnuts. However, she clearly remembers one occasion when she definitely refused the delectable cakes. Grandfather and Grandmother Smith took little Maggie, then four or five years old, to Martinsburg to a celebration. For the benefit of the uninformed, celebrations were none other than picnics.

Deciding during the afternoon to call on her old friends, Mr. and Mrs. John Nicodemus, parents of the late grand old man of Martinsburg, 'Squire John Nicodemus, Mrs. Nicodemus had their colored servant, Aunt Em, pass a plate of freshly baked doughnuts. To the evident curiosity of her grandparents, Maggie decidedly shook her head in refusal.

Asked why she did not care for any, the little girl remained silent. After the callers had left the Nicodemus home, Maggie explained she did not take a doughnut because "the black woman had made them. They were dirty."

Thought Negro Was Dirty

It was the first time the child had seen a negro. Naturally she thought poor Aunt Em's complexion was due to avoidance of soap and water. John Nicodemus and his family, prior to his retirement, had lived on the farm, south of Fredericksburg, now occupied by David Hartman. He had imported a negro boy and a girl from

the south to help with the work.

The boy eventually ran off, whereabouts unknown, but the girl remained, living to decrepit old age. She and Newton Kane, one-time slave belonging to Major Theophilus Snyder, for many years were Martinsburg's sole relics of the ante bellum institution of slavery.

Nothing could be farther from Mrs. Haffly's thoughts than to consider herself a heroine. Nevertheless she still feels a measure of elation reflected from an incident that happened in her early school days. Carried over in her memory is something of the childish pride evoked by the commendation of her schoolmates that she was no cry baby.

One winter day, ideal for coasting, the boys and girls brought their sleds to the Millerstown schoolhouse which stood alongside the Hoover farm, later known as the Falknor farm. Jane Glass, destined in after years to become the bride of D. H. C. Brumbaugh, treated her little cousin Maggie Burget to a ride.

Injured In Sled Ride

They whizzed down the hill back of the schoolhouse. It was great sport until the sled hit a stone, jolting Maggie off head first on to another stone. Her nose gushing blood and her face lacerated almost beyond recognition, the child's appearance frightened Jane nearly out of her wits. Sympathetic schoolmates washed off the blood as best they could. Still her puffed lips and swollen nose excited the commiseration of the whole school.

So much kindness helped stay the tears. The crowning honor, however, came later. On the way home from school, Dr. Daniel Bonebreak, of Martinsburg, returning from a sick call, stopped to inquire whatever had happened to Maggie to produce a face like that.

"Fell on a stone," was the explanation. Although the doctor did not of-

fer any treatment, yet the fact that he thought it worth while to stop and ask about it, had as much distinction as if she had been decorated with a medal.

Thought Schoolhouse Was Grand

At that time the Millerstown schoolhouse was very grand, thought Maggie. It was new. Almost unbelievably superior to the old dilapidated building it succeeded. She went to the old building her first year. She sat dangling her feet from a bench which stood in front of the long desk behind which the big girls sat.

The big pupils sat against the wall on planed, unpainted benches that reached from the door to the front part of the room, sacred to the teacher's desk and the long recitation bench. With no back rest other than the wall, the larger pupils faced toward the center of the room, the males, as was the prerogative of the lords of creation, at the teacher's right; the girls at the left. Whew! How it made the chills run up the back bone when the pupils, tired bending over the slanted board that served as community desk, leaned against the wall during the dead of winter.

The beginners sat on a bench placed in front of the long, single desk that ran parallel to the back and side walls. They had no desk, but sat as best they could holding their slates in their curved arms or their primers, if they had any, grasped bolt upright between thumb and fingers.

Suffers Embarrassment

Suppressed titters from the girls, a bolder guffaw from the boys. Down comes disciplinary ruler on the teacher's desk to restore order. Little Johnny, leaning too far backward, had fallen to the floor between the bench and the big boys' desk. Red with embarrassment, he hides his head behind his slate.

No wonder they had only four months school. Human bodies scarcely could have endured the physical

discomforts of those old school benches longer than that. Yet those, that were eager to learn, never gave physical discomfort a thought. The hungry brain, embarked on the road to learning, looked for no royal thoroughfare.

If any there were, who had not seen the new schoolhouse, while it was being furnished, that first day of the term in the new room, must have thought it an introduction to wonderland. Just look! There were rows of desks and seats, built for two, all facing the teacher's domain up front, and graduated to the size of each of the pupils. Each seat had a desk in front. Believe it or not, there was a shelf in each desk for books. There was a sunken place in which to fit the ink bottles and a groove for pens and slate pencils.

Improvements Discussed

There even was heard talk of proper lighting. The higher-ups were demanding that something be done about eye strain. There was a raised platform in front on which stood the teacher's desk. Verily, the new schoolhouse was a place of luxury. Here Maggie went to school until they put up two buildings at Henrietta. Then she went to the grammar school there.

Her teachers were Jennie Fishack, John Z. Smith, J. H. Stoudnour, George Holsinger, S. B. Brumbaugh and W. F. Spidle. She remembers each as having contributed something characteristically worth while to the sum total of her life. Will Spidle awoke her interest in grammar. John Stoudnour laid the foundation in primary studies on which to raise the superstructure of advanced work.

His pride in the progress of the little folks was unbounded. He lost no opportunity to display their aptness when long bearded County Superintendent John Holland or his successor, John Stephens, came to visit the school. Their reading, readiness

to answer questions about general facts and, above all, their singing were shown off for the visitor's benefit.

Singing Was Popular

The singing of the old Millerstown school was worth listening to. Well Mrs. Haffly remembers the full-toned roll of the bass of Frank Glass and Sam Falknor, the high tenor of D. H. C. Brumbaugh and George Hoover and the soprano and alto of the girls. So interested was John Stoudnour, that he got primary song books for the little folks, whose treble was completely drowned out by the volume from the young men and women on the back seats.

He trained them especially. One song, an A B C rhyme, always won the tolerant indulgence of the adult pupils. Singing followed the opening of school at morning and at noon. Singing schools and singing at home supplemented the vocal music instruction in the schools.

Friday afternoon literary societies, highlighted by debates, and evening spelling schools broke the cut and dried school routine. Childhood's in-born craving for play was amply satisfied by Ticky Over Ball, Prisoners' Base, Fox and the Gander and Town Ball for the grown-ups. Inclement weather keeping them indoors, the little girls played Who's Got the Button, Ring Around the Rosy, Pussy Wants the Corner, Hot Beans Come to Supper and Colors.

In this latter game, the leader thought of a color and had the other players guess. The one, who guessed right, got a dash of water drops in her face and she, in turn, became the leader. My, how those little girls racked their brains to think of something new and strange in color.

Pupils Visited Literary Society

It was quite the vogue for schools to visit one another as a unit and for pupils to visit individually or in groups, especially during the Friday

afternoon literary programs. Each society, by the way had a name, chosen by vote, the higher sounding the better. Feeling, of course, was partisan. Each school strove to have the best. Sometimes the attraction was not entirely confined to interest in literary subjects. Frequently the little chap that shoots arrows was to blame.

Maggie had graduated to a last row seat by this time. Two of her girl friends, Mary Latshaw and Mary Snowberger had come from the Curryville school for a visit to the Millerstown literary society. The former's brother, Elliott, accompanied the girls. Elliott was much older than the girls. Doubtless from the pinnacle of his superior years he considered them too juvenile to be much concerned about them.

At any rate, following the installation services that evening which inducted Reverend William Long into the pastorate of the Millerstown Reformed church, Mr. Latshaw escorted a Millerstown girl home, leaving the two girls to their own devices. Maggie Burget had invited them to her home for supper on learning they wished to stay over for the church service.

So when they were left stranded at the church, she insisted that they should spend the night with her. They all three slept in the same bed. They had such a good time that instead of evening up old scores for tricks played on him, Mr. Latshaw had done the girls a genuine favor.

Maggie Burget jumped out of bed and eagerly looked through the window. It was even better than she had hoped. A lovely day. Two days before a foot depth of snow had fallen.

Today, October 24, 1889, was brilliant with sunshine. The weather was without a flaw. And that was as it should be because it was her wedding day. The old saying, "Happy is the bride the sun shines on" never was more truly exemplified than in the

marriage of Margaret Ellen Burget and Samuel Landis Haffly.

The ceremony was performed in the parlor of the bride's home at high noon. The young couple stood before Reverend William S. Long, who pronounced the solemn words which joined them in the holy bonds of wedlock. Miss Gertrude Dent and George Chappelle, close friends of the happy pair, were the attendants.

Couple Were Serenaded

The bride wore a cream cashmere dress with bustle and polanaise and a silk sash. It had been made by Aunt Betsy Wolfe. Dinner was served to around forty guests. Laughter and pleasantries were concomitants of the big meal. Then in the evening, when most of the wedding guests had gone home, along came the calithumpians, who raised such a din that ear drums could not suffer long. Accordingly the newlyweds came out on the porch and received congratulations.

Mother Burget hastily marshalled her daughters and the remaining guests to pass refreshments. The cake must have tasted like more, for here came John Diehl asking Mr. Burget politely in his best Pennsylvania Dutch, "Give me a piece to take home to mother."

Such shouts of laughter as convulsed the crowd! They might have known that John Diehl would pull some joke like that. His reputation for wit was well known. If he was in a crowd, everyone expected him to say something funny.

Cornet Band Appeared

Well, the calithumpians disbanded and peace descended once more. But here comes the sound of music. Yes, it's the Henrietta Cornet band, led by Ely Glass. Resplendent in navy blue uniforms and brass buttons, they make a fine appearance as they come within the illumination of the oil lamps.

Yes, there are Frank Glass, Sam Falknor, Jake Loose, Fred Smith, George Hoover, George Wertman, Henry Adams and other old friends, who take on a different identity when uniforms and their music set them apart from the common run. They have marched down the road from their headquarters, a vacant house built for Ann Burget, which stood next door to the present Ritchey homestead in Millerstown. Here they met for practice once a week or oftener.

Following the serenade by the band, refreshments were passed again and Mr. Haffly tendered the leader a five dollar bill. The bride had the laugh on her husband the next evening. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Haffly, who lived on the farm in the Hickory Bottom section now owned by their son Jerre Haffly, had given a dinner and reception in honor of the bridal couple.

Plays Joke On Crowd

The calithumpians arrived and did their worst. That was to be expected. Lan Haffly was popular in his community. Here was a chance to play a little joke. The bride was a comparative stranger on Hickory Bottom in spite of the fact that she had been born and raised only a few miles away. Lan escorted his cousin, Mrs. Sallie Rupley Shaffer, to the door and introduced her as his new wife. A glance proved to the crowd that she was too old to be the bride.

"Bride, your grandmother," some one called out. "Bring out the bride."

Lan responded and the men, rather bashfully to be sure, offered their good wishes. About that time, there was music in the air. The Woodbury band put in an appearance. Lan turned to his wife and said:

"This is more than I bargained for." It cost him another five. But no question about it, everybody was happy.

Grandmother Attends Reception

Granny Haffly was at the reception, wearing her best black dress and the black ruffled cap which was a permanent adjunct of her attire. She was an old lady then but she lived past ninety. Her gift to the bride was a half dozen silver tea spoons and a fine linen table cloth.

Granny lived with her daughter, Mrs. Mary Burget, at Curryville. The latter always wore a cap made like Granny's except that it was white. Born in Ireland, Granny had the wit and quick speech of her race. Once when Mrs. Christ Brown, a neighbor, came to help quilt, wearing a hand-some silk dress, Granny remarked:

"You didn't have to wear a good dress just to come here."

"Oh, but I don't have any other kind," retorted Mrs. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Lan Haffly went to housekeeping April 8, 1890, in part of the big Haffly farm house. Remaining four years, they then moved to Mrs. Haffly's father's farm. From there, they went to the present Samuel Wisler farm where they stayed for twelve years. At the end of that period they bought the former Samuel Ferry farm, south-east of Martinsburg, where they continued to reside until Mr. Haffly's retirement in 1927, after which they moved to Martinsburg.

Taught School Many Years

Any one of middle age or older in the Cove, will remember Lan Haffly as an indefatigable worker in any movement for the betterment of the community. A school teacher in North Woodbury township in Blair county and in South Woodbury township across the line in Bedford county, of thirteen terms' experience, he never lost his interest in the schools.

He kept close tab by visiting them and nothing pleased him more than the performance of some bright boy or girl. Having no children of his own,

he took vicarious pleasure in encouraging the progress of ambitious young folks. Originally Mr. Haffly had intended to keep books. With this objective in view, he took a course at the Eastman Business College in New York.

Following graduation, he took a position as bookkeeper with his Uncle Taylor Simington, of Huntingdon. Not finding this line of work to his liking, he resigned in favor of school teaching. However, after his marriage, he returned to his first love, farming. He had no ear marks of a farmer, since he looked like a typical professional man, but he was a good one, nevertheless.

Another leading interest was the grange. Mr. Haffly was convinced that a good granger was a better farmer. He heartily subscribed to its tenets to consolidate the calling of agriculture on a higher social and educational plane, but it must be confessed that the antics of the goat on initiation nights were a drawing card, too. For in those days, the goat, not yet tamed down and halter broke, did some amusing tricks. Like Abou Ben Adem, Lan Haffly's laugh "led all the rest."

Lan Haffly did not belong to the Grange organized at Curryville. This venture in the realm of the Patrons of Husbandry, its mysteries and fellowship, was the first Grange in North Woodbury township.

Its date must have been in the late 'Eighties. This kind of banding together was a far departure for the horny handed farmers from their accustomed chores, such as plowing, flailing rye and cleaning stables. Some of them had done men's work from boyhood, thereby cutting school time to the absolute minimum.

Their ability to read had not progressed far beyond the a-b-abs. To the better versed, the struggle of these brethren with the ritual was

comical in the extreme. One wonders whether Christ Brown, Jake Stonerook and Coon Dilling didn't put some extra didoes into the gambols of the membership goat. At any rate, on returning home from some of the meetings, Jake Stonerook laughed until he fell to the floor.

Band Was Abandoned

Unlike Henrietta and Millerstown, Curryville had no reputation for music. The grange, in order to stir up community spirit, decided to organize a band. When the young men saw the price of the musical instruments, their enthusiasm cooled. They finally compromised on buying horns made of some kind of composition, but after listening to the flat blasts they blew through those paper cornets, the plan to organize a band lay down and died.

Mr. Haffly was a prime mover in the organization at the beginning of the 1900's of the next North Woodbury Grange. It had a very flourishing career until it too ran its course. Old timers, who were present on the historic occasion when Ross Hagey was initiated into the Grange, laugh to this day at recollection of the fun that transpired at that session.

The high light in the history of the organization was the dinner given at Pomona. The dinner was served in Golden Eagles Hall, now the moving picture theatre, on Penn Street in Martinsburg. If ever old Morrisons Cove did itself proud in eats, that was the time. Mrs. Ida Hoover, of South Market Street, Martinsburg, was head cook.

Arose Early To Ship Milk

Early to bed; early to rise, had always been a precept observed by the farmers of the Cove, but getting up practically in the middle of the night was not a practice until they began shipping milk. Soon after the opening of the Morrisons Cove branch of the Pennsylvania railroad, a few hardy souls, among whom was Mrs. Haffly's

father, began shipping milk to Altoona.

Prior to that time, the farmers kept a few cows, principally to give the women folks an independent income. The women, as a rule, did the milking and the only market available was to make butter and sell it to the hucksters. Wheat, horses and beef were the sources of real money on the farms. Butter was only small change. Good enough, of course, to keep the Missus in funds for herself and the children, but it certainly wouldn't pay off the mortgage.

Strictly speaking, mortgages were scarce as hen's teeth. If you had to borrow, your note was good with any of your well-to-do friends. Your reputation was your security in financial dealings. The late D. D. Morrell, manager of the Cambria Iron Company interests at Henrietta, was one of the first men in the Cove to see the possibilities of dairying as a business.

Erected Stone Structure

Mr. Morrell put up the stone building, which stands alongside the road, adjacent to the big barn at Henrietta. Its original purpose was to be a buttery. Eventually Mr. Morrell abandoned butter making in favor of shipping fluid milk to Altoona. In an amazingly short time, the majority of farmers, within easy driving distance of the track, gave up the comfort of their beds to get up and milk 'n time to make the 4:30 morning train.

They could make up the lost hours by going to bed early. Alas, along came the rage for radios which wore them ragged. Nowadays, unless a prize fight is on, the radio no longer charms John Farmer and his wife out of their beauty sleep.

Mrs. Haffly started her married life with butter making, mainly because they lived too far from the railroad to drive a horse to the station. As soon as they moved within con-

venient horse and buggy distance, they shipped milk. Her family had a warm regard for Mr. Morrell, as well as for his children.

Mrs. Haffly says, Miss Nellie Morrell, now of Holidaysburg, always visited the sick in the community. The young people, too, looked forward to seeing her at Mount Pleasant Reformed church on Sundays. Unlike some of the other "iron master" families, the Morrell's mingled with the people of the community on a basis of social equality.

Oid Church Used As Dwelling

The church structure of that day was the second church at Mt. Pleasant. It succeeded the little frame building situated across the road from the present site, which the young fellows of the era facetiously called the "Gospel Shop." After the second church was dedicated, the Gospel Shop was moved to Millerstown and used as a dwelling. Long known as the Ritchey homestead, it is now owned by one of the family connection, who resides in Johnstown. The second church was destroyed by lightning.

Lan Haffly and his wife always looked forward to pleasant visits at the home of Mr. Haffly's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Latshaw, of Curryville. Mr. Latshaw was a Yorker. This sect, similar to the Amish, adopted a garb of extreme "plainness."

Reputed to have been a man of fashion in his youth, Mr. Latshaw exchanged his high silk hat for the broad brimmed one peculiar to his denomination, the stylish cut of his coat for the simple dress prescribed by his church and wore his hair long.

Taunts of his companions, for such there must have been, and criticism of the unthinking, he bore with no outward manifestation of displeasure. He lived his religion as his convictions dictated. His neighbors respected his sincerity. At the same time,

their regard did not inhibit their curiosity about the rites of his faith.

Was Only "Yorker" In Cove

His was the lonely fate to be the only member of his denomination in his community. As the Yorkers had no church building, the adherents met in one another's houses for worship. Outsiders called their communion service "pie meetin'."

Mr. Latshaw went "down east" a couple times a year to participate in these observances. Occasionally they were held in the southern section of the Cove. They were called pie meetings because dried apple pie was a standard article of food served at the love feasts.

"When I think of all the conveniences in my home today" said Mrs. Haffly, "it doesn't seem possible that my childhood was spent in the candle light era. We had oil lamps, of course, but Grandmother was so afraid of them that we made candles to carry up-stairs or from room to room. She said oil lamps were too dangerous to carry about.

Kept Candle Box Supplied

"She and I together kept the candle box well supplied. She rendered tallow saved from the beeves we killed for family use. The tallow had to be boiled out so thoroughly that no moisture remained. That was to keep the candles solid. I used to like to tie the wicks and pour the melted fat into the moulds. After they were hardened, we took them out of the moulds, wrapped them in a cloth and laid them in the little chest Grandmother called her candle box.

"So far as I know, Grandmother bought the first sewing machine I ever saw. She bought it from Uncle Jake Burget, who had taken the agency for his community. He set up the machine and it worked fine until Grandmother had to thread it. It wouldn't sew a stitch. Very much put out, she sent for Uncle Jake to

come at once. The new sewing machine wouldn't sew.

"Uncle Jake came in a hurry and how he laughed. He threaded it right and it worked perfectly."

Brothers And Sisters Living

Estimated in terms of labor saving inventions, Mrs. Haffly has lived a long time. In point of years, she is only 73. She was born October 26, 1866. The first born, she has had the ineffable privilege of enjoying the companionship of all her brothers and sisters, all of whom are alive.

They are Catherine J., wife of M. N. Bridenbaugh; Nancy, wife of William S. Dent, of Altoona; George Franklin Burget, Mary Martha and Elvin Burget, all of Martinsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Haffly, having had no children of their own, raised Ada Leidy (Mrs. Homer Ritchey), with whom Mrs. Haffly lives and toward whom she has the same motherly af-

fection she would feel for her own flesh and blood.

Death has broken many of the warm bonds of friendship that enriched her life in the past. She also mourned the death of one who, as it were, rose from the grave. While her brother-in-law, William S. Dent, was employed away from home, word came to his family of his death by accident. True enough, William S. Dent was buried in Ohio.

Inquiry made of the funeral director revealed that the description of the dead man did not tally with Mr. Dent's appearance. In the words of Mark Twain, Mr. Dent could say the report of his death had been "greatly exaggerated" for he came home safe and sound.

Mrs. Haffly is a member of the Presbyterian church. Religion always has been her solace and guide along the pathway of life. She'll tell you it is the only source of happiness.

RECALLS LOCAL TOLL GATE

Clippity clop! Clippity clop! Hoof beats came to Maggie Conrad's ear.

Maggie popped out of the toll house on West Allegheny street Martinsburg, to raise the tall pole which barred the road and to collect the few pennies that gave the rider the privilege of right of way.

Tut, tut! It was only one of the Tipton boys riding a colt not yet shod. According to the rules regulating the use of toll roads, pedestrians and horses, unshod, were permitted to pass through the toll gate free.

Paid Toll By Month

However, when young Harvey Stoner came by, no matter whether he drove a two-horse wagon or rode his colt, Maggie raised the pole without asking for toll. O, no! Harvey had no "pull" with Maggie. You see he paid his toll by the month. As nearly

as he recollects at this late date, the rate was a dollar a month.

Harvey lived on the fine old Stoner farm, long the homestead property of his ancestors, which is situated immediately west of Martinsburg. For that reason he used the public highway frequently. There were many loads of grain and produce to haul to town and much trading to be done at the stores there.

Then there were times when he drove by in his special occasion buggy with a certain good looking young lady by his side. Paying toll by the month saved him a lot of trouble.

Maggie Conrad, or Coonrad, as she more familiarly was known, lived in the present George Stock house. That explains why the house abuts farther out on the street than the neighboring dwellings. It was thus conspicu-

ously situated because it was built as a toll house.

Number Of Shoes Regulated Toll

As Mr. Stoner laughingly remarked, the amount of toll charged depended on the number of shoes a horse or mule wore and the distance to be traveled. No shoes, no toll. Otherwise the toll on a milage basis.

One wonders what happened when a horse had cast a shoe. Such a situation would have been made to order for Mart Bonner, the community ventriloquist and humorist, to have some fun at the toll keeper's expense. It is not likely, though, that Maggie could have been cajoled into granting a bargain rate unless the animal was completely barefoot.

One of Maggie's steadiest customers was Peter Yingling, brother of Johann Yingling. Peter operated the "Onion" transportation system, which was none other than a one-horse covered wagon in which he hauled flour, buckwheat and cornmeal from his grist mill down on Plum Creek. The wagon bore the lettering of the trade name of his plant, "Union Mill." Of course, the boys couldn't resist pronouncing it onion.

Owner Was Recognized By Horse

Peter drove a gray horse he called John. In those days, says Mr. Stoner, a man was recognized at a distance by his horse and vehicle, just as today he is known by his automobile. That is, when it is not traveling too fast.

As likely as not the men at work in the fields, seeing the Yingling team afar off, would remark to each other, "There goes John Yingling." Thus they facetiously referred to the name of the horse to identify the neighbor passing by.

David Rice, son of old Davy Rice, ran the Rice grist mill, situate on Plum Creek between Yingling's mill and East Sharpsburg. Harvey Stoner's team always shied about fording the stream which flowed across the road leading to the mill. In times of

high water, the stream was two feet or more deep, the swift current making the crossing pretty hazardous.

Wheat Was Main Crop

You might say that every suitable stream in the Cove turned the wheels of grist mills. They filled a great community need. Wheat was the main crop on the farm that could be turned into dollars in the farmers' pockets.

The millers ground grains grown on the farm into flour, as well as the makings of the well known breakfast menu of buckwheat cakes and sausage and the Saturday evening supper of mush and milk. The miller's trade was handed down from father to son for generations.

Next to wheat, horses were a source of the income which enabled the hard working, frugal farmer to pay for his home farm and buy one or two others. The farm that could not show a colt or two kicking up its heels in the summer pasture was rare. A boy and a colt was a combination that rated the highest contribution to happiness farm life could offer.

Provided Fun And Service

Here was companionship, responsibility and fun for the boy, with expectation of a profit in the future. The horse was a playfellow when a colt. When broken to harness, it provided the medium for its young master to take his best girls places, without stopping at gasoline stations to pay out hard earned money for motive power. It consumed what its own labor produced. So we see that on the basis of dollars and cents Dobbin and his progeny deserved garlands back in the horse and buggy days, than which there could be worse.

As Mr. Stoner says, there was no milk problem in his early life on the farm. The individual farmer kept only six or seven cows. Those residing in proximity to the towns peddled their milk direct to the consumer. The ones not so conveniently situated left their

wives handle the milk by converting it into butter.

Dreamed Of Manufacturing Cheese

Yes, milk was only small change. Even so, some local business men surrendered to dream of manufacturing cheese. There is something fascinating in producing an article that bears the "Made in Morrisons Cove" trade mark. We feel something of that proprietary interest in the Blue Mountain Canneries sweet corn niblets.

Well, what could be more satisfying than to make Martinsburg cream cheese as the companion piece to the cracker barrel that graced every country grocery or general store?

The cheese factory, cream cheese if you please, was located adjacent to the James Hampton home, immediately southwest of town. Things went famously for a while. Louie Sell drove regularly to the farms collecting the necessary cans of milk.

After the milk had curdled, the whey was drained into a cistern, maybe vat would be a better word. Then when Louie made his daily return trip to the farms, the whey was pumped into the cans and he delivered it to the farmers for pig swill.

Somehow this budding industry petered out and the cheese factory passed from local ken like so many promising industrial ventures before and since.

One morning word went around that there would be no school at No. 1, the South Martinsburg schoolhouse. The teacher had been found dead in bed.

To the consternation of Harvey Stoner and his schoolmates, Lew Zimmerman, their well-beloved teacher had been cut down in his prime without intimation or warning. He had eaten half of a frozen apple the day before.

The supposition was that the apple had caused a fatal attack of acute indigestion. At any rate, he had

shared the apple with Al Tipton, who had eaten the other half. Al apparently suffered no ill effects whatever. Dave Croft finished the term.

Mr. Stoner went to the South Martinsburg school situated on South Market street, his first term. The West Martinsburg schoolhouse having been built in the meantime, he continued his elementary school career in that building, which stood on the site of the present David Constance residence.

Many One Room Schools

At that time there were thirteen school buildings in North Woodbury township, all one room. Officially known by number, they also were referred to by the name of their location. Thus the South Martinsburg school was No. 1 and North Martinsburg, probably the last one to be built, was No. 13.

There are readers of The Herald, school teachers, past and present, who well remember their trepidation, evidenced by excited heart beats, as the president or secretary of the board, appeared at the open door of No. 1, following the secret election session, to read the names of the favored thirteen. For many were called but few were chosen.

North Woodbury township from "way back" was a breeding place for school teachers. Year after year a new crop of aspirants, armed with the necessary certificate issued by County Superintendent Henry Wertz or T. S. Davis, as the case might be, applied for teaching positions.

Apprenticeship Served Elsewhere

As a means of self-defense, the board had a sort of unwritten law that the "greenies" would have to work out an apprenticeship in some other section. Thereupon, with one accord, they made an exodus to Juniata township, or some other of the outlying buckwheat and sausage districts to get their initial training.

The West Martinsburg schoolhouse

made a sudden exit from this mundane scene during the first year that Mr. and Mrs. Stoner's daughter Eva, now Mrs. Edgar Stern, went to school. James Lykens was the teacher. He and his young charges were busily at work at lessons, when passersby interrupted the school routine by shouts that the schoolhouse was on fire.

Fire had broken out in the loft and had practically enveloped the roof before the unsuspecting inmates were apprised of the terrifying state of affairs. Well, one can imagine that Mr. Lykens tapped his call bell and gave the command for the pupils to rise and file out in a hurry.

Fire Destroyed The School Bldg.

At any rate everybody got out safely, but so rapidly did the conflagration spread that rescuers succeeded only in removing some of the benches. The school board rented a room in the toll gate house, in which improvised school room the term was completed.

In case things got monotonous around Martinsburg, the doings of the German colony, strung out along the foot of Lock mountain back of the Stoner farm to East Sharpsburg, furnished plenty of excitement and many a laugh. A list of their names as written by Mr. Stoner from memory, is enough to tickle one's sense of humor.

Here it is: Balser Honstauffer, Fritz Notvone (Not One), Yoost Foor (Just Four), Julius Clot and an odd character by name of Soferio, who eventually got tired of batching in his little shanty all alone and shuffled off this mortal coil by hanging himself.

Lead Immigrants To Cove

Casper Reacy seemed to have been the leader of these immigrants from their native fatherland. Following his death, his widow lived on the present Charles Carper farm. Yoost Foor, her brother, lived with her. While he

never learned to speak English, his ability as a hog caller deserved first honors.

A hog would have come running to the trough in answer if it had been all of a mile away. He could also toss off a gallon of cider without taking the container away from his lips.

Fritz Notvone had the biggest mouth Mr. Stoner ever saw. When the Dutchman laughed, it stretched from ear to ear, the open expanse looking something like a cavern. Usually good natured, over indulgence in Casper Reacy's wine or cider turned him grouchy.

Then he would complain, his native German lending an expressiveness to the words that our less picturesque English fails to achieve: "Here I've slaved for you for years and you pay me no more respect than to young cattle (rint fee)."

Was Reckless Driver

Although Julius Clot was only half as old as Mrs. Reacy, she consoled her loneliness by taking him for her second husband. Mr. Stoner's most vivid recollection of him was his reckless driving. He was accustomed to drive down the stony lane leading from his home at break neck speed. Galloping wildly to the lash of the driver's whip, with the buggy or buck board careening behind them, the oncoming of Mr. Clot's team inspired the Stoner children with fear and excitement that made their blood race.

It was an interesting trip for Harvey and his chums to climb up the mountain side to the Anthony Herrin Cabin which was built close to the three springs above the reservoir, source of Martinsburg's water supply. The springs were much stronger then; powerful crystal fountains that bubbled up from the depth of the earth volumes of water as pure and refreshing as ever quenched the thirst of man. Mr. Herrin worked for Mr. Lytle as a timber boss. His children

traveled from their lofty eyrie to and from school at Skyles schoolhouse.

People Were Less Standardized

In the horse and buggy days, people were less standardized. Their individuality sometimes took odd twists that set some of them apart from their fellows as community characters. Today, human beings are becoming streamlined, like their cars, so that they are as alike as peas in a pod.

Same dress, same recreations, same ideas, same everything. In the event that a girl doesn't have her hair curled like every other girl or if a young man doesn't have the same line of small talk as his companions, they run as fast as they can to jump on the same band wagon.

Faced with the necessity of doing everything by hand, people were not afraid to follow their natural bent. They might be different but why lose sleep about it? Jim Stevens was one of these, who went by his own inclination, no matter if he did arouse curiosity. Residing in the present Rearick house on West Allegheny street, he ran the brick kilns near his home. In addition, he was a lumberman and a great teamster.

His six-horse team was a common sight on the road leading through the Stoner place. Hame bells jingling musically, he guided the pace of his horses by a peculiar kind of char*. Instead of riding on the wagon, he mostly walked at the side, calling in loud, resonant tones, "Wha-a-a haw, wha-a-a haw, yup!" He kept that up mile by mile, man and beasts walking in rhythm. Yes, Jimmy's coming could be heard afar off. Mr. Stoner's imitation is something worth hearing.

Had German Visitor

One of the oddest of Mr. Stoner's boyhood experiences often since has caused a reminiscent chuckle. Upon going away for the day, his father had ordered the boy to haul fire wood

to the house. Setting out with a wheelbarrow, the juvenile Harvey began the job with willingness and dispatch when along came Yoost Foor.

In a mood to talk, Mr. Foor sat on the wheelbarrow, and sat and sat. Harvey couldn't talk German very fluently and Mr. Foor could talk English not at all. The conversation was by no means successful, and as Mr. Foor weighed close to three hundred pounds, Harvey was pretty much exercised for fear father would come home before the wood was hauled.

"Go West, young man," has become a catch word, a sort of standard joke, used to enliven greetings between the young fellows when they meet.

In Harvey Stoner's early years, Horace Greeley's famous advice spelled opportunity and adventure for everybody in the Cove. The west in its wild and wooly youth was dotted with colonies of settlers, native to the Cove. They ably abetted Mr. Greeley in their letters to the home folks.

"Come out here," they wrote, "This is the kind of land farmers hoped for but never expected to see. Deep loam, so fertile it is inexhaustible. No stones, no lime, no fertilizer; come out and pick up some money. It's plenty."

Of course, they did not use those exact words, but that was the sense of it. Mr. Stoner's uncle, Abram B. Stoner, lived in the vicinity of Dallas Center, Iowa. He insisted that young Harvey should visit him. Then along came the panic of 1893.

Journeys To Western Land

Before its paralyzing grip had made itself felt generally, Harvey packed his satchel and he and his cousin Sam Stoner boarded the train at Martinsburg station and they were off toward the land where, to quote a popular song, once "the buffalo roamed."

Here was no "lone prairie." The boys saw stretched before them vast

areas of farm land already broken to the plow, farmers were casting their eyes on the numerous ponds and lakes which abounded in that section, with a view of draining them. Said they, "Drain the water out of those ponds and there will be the richest and levellest land in the world."

The land owners liked to get Pennsylvania farm boys to dig the ditches, knowing full well that they could make the dirt fly. All that, however, came later. Landed at Dallas Center, Harvey and Sam were greeted by a kind of home coming reception. A sizable group of Cove folks were living in the vicinity. The boys shook hands with Abe Ebersole, George Burkett, brother of the late David and Daniel Burkett, and other old friends. David Burkett's widow lives next door to the post office building in Martinsburg.

Greeted Many Cove Folks

They soon became acquainted with Harvey Wilkins and Walter Scott, native Pennsylvanians, and the following year Harry Shoeman, of Martinsburg, joined the colony. At the present time, the descendants of Morrisons Cove natives perhaps have forgotten the origin of their fore parents, but there wasn't a state in the Union except in the extreme southwest, in which a traveler could not have pulled the latchstring of a fellow cov-ite, no matter how far from the railroads he wandered.

Given impetus by the Civil War when young men for conscience's sake and for other reasons sought refuge from conscription, the restlessness of foot-loose soldiers, and the expansion of railroads making eastern markets accessible to the remotest regions, caused successive emigrations from the Cove which lasted until offers of free land were withdrawn.

Worked On Large Farm

Harvey hired to a wealthy farmer by the name of Luke Peters, a horse

raiser. Mr. Peters had a beautiful farm of 420 acres, rich, level and highly improved. He raised Percherons, from stock imported from France, with a few coach horses as a side line. A great lover of horses, Harvey was in his glory.

They always had raised a few colts at home but in nowise approaching the scale of Mr. Peters' business. Mr. Stoner recollects that there were 68 head of horses and 12 colts the first year he was on the farm.

Before taking the job, Harvey had inquired of a man in town what kind of person his prospective employer was. "You'll get your pay all right but Luke is a hard man to work for."

Hard work had no terror for Harvey. He was brought up to it. Besides he had to satisfy that desire within him to give a good day's work for his pay. He was a faithful exponent of the old saying that what is worth doing is worth doing well.

Working Days Were Long

His day during the rush season began at 4:00 o'clock with breakfast at 6:00 in the morning, dinner at noon and supper at 8:00. It was no Pennsylvania cooking either. As he sat at table, his imagination pretty often lingered among the flesh pots of the old Cove.

Strawberry season was different. Some quality inherent in the soil of that part of Iowa made it especially adapted to the growth of strawberries. During the season, Mrs. Peters did not stint the big luscious berries for table use. Everybody could have all he wanted, with the milk pitcher making the rounds as often as required.

Mr. Peters, contrary to the usual practice among his neighbors, did not raise wheat, specializing instead on oats, corn and hay, horse feed. As Mr. Peters bought, sold and traded horses all over the country, he supervised, leaving the actual labor to his employes. There were three men,

each of whom worked a team.

Oats Crop Was Enormous

When a 25-acre field was ready to be sown to oats, Harvey was pretty much flabbergasted at Mr. Peters' order to sow only a bushel of seed to the acre. The crop harvested from that field beat anything Harvey Stoner had ever seen before. They hauled sheaves on to sixteen huge stacks. Twelve horses were hitched to a circular horse power thresher and in one day threshed 1800 bushels.

It was a record crop but that day's work, in terms of man and horse power, was a record breaker to a far greater degree. Harvey and John Burkett, George's son, carried the grain away from the machine in half bushel measures. At the end of the day their muscles gave notice that they had done something.

After a year and a half with Luke Peters, Harvey took a ditching job, hiring to old Jimmie Warrenton, an Englishman. He helped dig the ditches to drain a lake that covered ten acres. The soil was nine feet deep and grass in spots was as high as a man. It was no wonder land like that lured the Cove boys to forsake their native heath and turn their faces towards the land of the setting sun.

Employed By Butcher

Having been trained on a Pennsylvania farm, Harvey could turn his hand to almost anything. Plowing those floor like lake bottoms was like play, but there was more money in working by the day. Eventually he worked for a butcher in town. This gave him the opportunity to board with Mrs. Strayer. Here he got Pennsylvania cooking.

Now he was sitting pretty. A good job, good pay and victuals like his mother cooked. He planned to stay in Iowa. His fellow emigrant, Sam Stoner, long since had shaken the soil, rich and black as it was, off his shoes and had gone to Kansas. He did not like Iowa. The real reason probably

was homesickness. At any rate, he preferred to join his brother.

But Mr. Stoner had made friends everywhere he went in his adopted state and greater familiarity robbed the west of none of its initial charm. However, his father desired him to come home. In obedience to parental wish, he returned to the land of his fathers.

Martinsburg was the same old town, Harvey Stoner discovered on his return after an absence of three years. Time did not move very swiftly in the early 1890's. Eichelberger and Earlenbaugh, Bert Dilling and their contemporary store keepers were doing a thriving business in cash and trade at the same old stand. Gus Magargee ran his livery stable, George Paul and the Gorsuch's swung their hammers on the anvils in their blacksmith shops and Jerry Miller drove the mail hack across Tussey mountain.

As has been the custom since time immemorial, everybody from miles around flocked to town on Saturday evenings. A survey of the crowded hitching racks revealed to the close observer an assorted collection of familiar vehicles, buggies, dog carts, surreys and spring wagons. The good book says, "by their fruits ye shall know them." Likewise the farmers were known by their teams. Yes, there was a brand new buggy. Bill Metzker's horse, old Dick, was hitched to it. So, Bill got a new buggy, eh!

Went To Town Saturday

Out west the farmers and their families went to town en masse on Saturday afternoons, returning home in time to do the evening chores. But in Martinsburg the folks drove in, as they still do, after supper and stayed until the last light was blown out at the stores.

Saturday night was women's night. Their husbands dropped their work and went to town anytime they needed something, tool, harness or piece

of machinery, but the women combined business with pleasure by putting off their week's trading until Mary Anne and Sally and all their kith and kin could meet and talk neighborhood things over, in town.

If the thrifty house wife had not attended to it earlier in the week, she brought her butter and eggs and perhaps a crock of apple butter to trade for store goods. Then began a tug of war by way of jeweing the merchant down in his price. That day was counted as lost which did not give the purchaser the feeling that she had got the big end of the bargain.

Bartering Was Popular

Jeweing was not a monopoly of the women folks. Most of the men were good at it, too. Their eyes were their judge and haggling over the price was a hall mark of their shrewdness. Bartering was more than an exchange of goods over the counter. It was a jockeying of wits. The successful merchant had to know all the ins and outs of Yankee horse trading to cope with the chronic jewers. Alas! The one price system, with the tag prominently displayed has deprived some folks of the chief joy of living.

In so far as the history of Martinsburg is concerned, it might be said that the Stoners have lived in and about the town since the Year One. Mr. Stoner can trace his antecedents as far back as his great-grandfather, Abram Stoner, who immigrated from Lancaster county.

While he is not certain on which farm his great-grandfather settled, Mr. Stoner knows that his grandfather, Jacob B. Stoner, son of Abram, lived on the Mrs. Mary Tussey farm, situate north of Martinsburg and contiguous to Fairview cemetery.

Legal Documents Indented

Contained in the box in which his father, David B. Stoner, kept his private papers are some old deeds written on parchment, not paper but

genuine sheep skin, so well preserved that they are in almost perfect condition. One of them to George Stombaugh is dated in 1805. The edges of the parchment are scalloped or indented. This peculiar marking of the edge in early times was made to distinguish them as legal documents. Hence to this day, if you look at your deed, you will notice that it is referred to as "This indenture."

Mr. Stoner does not know what land was conveyed in the old deed, but it must have been west of Martinsburg. As an indication that the section was well settled at that time, it names adjoining land owners.

Mr. Stoner has been reared in and, in his turn, exemplifies the religious faith of his fathers. He and his good wife are members of the Brethren in Christ denomination. You need only partake of the hospitality of their home and talk with them to perceive that they live their faith. In great-grandfather Abram Stoner's time, there was no church building of the denomination in the vicinity. The members worshiped in one another's homes.

Four Days Devoted To Love Feast

Each spring and fall they devoted four days to going to love feast. At first they rode over the mountain to Chambersburg to take part in this sacrament. Men and women, the latter in some instances with babes in their arms and with older children, perhaps, riding behind tandem, traveled the long trail to Franklin county. Later when the settlers had wagons and carry-alls, the different families joined together, as many riding in the vehicles as they would hold.

Enroute they stopped at Burnt Cabins or Broad Top, regarded as half-way places, where they spent the night. Bishops from Lancaster came to the Cove at periodical times to look after the spiritual welfare of the pioneers and to ordain ministers and elders.

Following the construction of the first church building situate on the opposite side of the road from the present brick church southwest of Martinsburg, the congregation was equipped to hold their communion service at home. Of course, Harvey went regularly to preaching but in view of the fact that his denomination was slow to adopt Sunday school, he went to Sunday school at the Bethel, sitting in the boys' class taught by old Johnny Mateer, father of the late Druggist Ross Mateer.

Many Interesting Sights

There were interesting sights along the way. Likely as not, Dr. Sam Royer's trotting buggy was being brought to the front door at the genial physician's residence, now the Ray Bartges home, by Billy Kemberling, the hostler. That meant somebody was sick somewhere out of town. Whoever it was, Father and Mother Stoner knew the person and would take a sympathetic interest in the patient.

In later years, young Harvey Stoner may have stopped to exchange a word of greeting with Lew Smith, hostler at Gus Margee's livery stable. Some of the town boys, with money in their pockets, likely as not were engaging a horse and sulky to take their best girls out for a Sunday afternoon drive. Since it was Sunday the thrill of seeing Blacksmith Gorschuch struggle with a fractious horse held captive in the stocks, was denied him.

During the winter season, Harvey attended the revival meetings in town irrespective of denomination. One winter he recollects having gone to church for nine weeks, straight through. Compulsion from a sense of duty never entered into his going to church. He attended because of the spiritual well being accruing from the worship.

Homestead Scene Of Indian Invasion

Mr. Stoner was born on the farm west of Martinsburg, then owned by

his father, which he afterward owned and on which his daughter Eva and her husband, Edgar Stern, live with their family. According to family tradition, this farm was the scene of an Indian invasion in Colonial times.

As nearly as the facts can be pieced together from stories told by the old-timers, a war party of the savages entered the Cove by way of McKee's gap and followed the course of Plum Creek to its head waters. Apparently the settlers fled before them to a fort, presumed to have been in the vicinity of Fredericksburg.

At any rate, Harvey Stoner's father used to say that he was told that the Indians destroyed most of the apple trees in the extensive orchard on the farm, leaving but fourteen trees unharmed.

Mr. Stoner is the fifth child born to David B. Stoner and Susannah Hoover Stoner, his wife. The others are, Mrs. Mary Klepser, widow of the late Fred Klepser, Martinsburg; Ellen B. (Mrs. Jacob Tipton), deceased; Irene (died at age of nine); Harvey; Albert, an automobile bearings inspector, Philadelphia, and Ira G. Stoner, of Martinsburg.

Married By Rev. Spanogle

January 10, 1895, Mr. Stoner and Miss Annie Margaret Carper, daughter of Philip and Barbara Kauffman Carper, were united in marriage. Rev. W. L. Spanogle, Herald columnist, whose comments under the pen name of Jasper were much enjoyed a generation ago, and who was pastor of the First Brethren church, Martinsburg, performed the ceremony. The bride's sister, Miss Amanda, now Mrs. David Kensinger, and Mr. Stoner's brother Albert, stood for the happy couple.

The hour was noon. Immediately following the bridal party and the forty guests sat down to the wedding dinner. As the reporters of that period used to say, "the table groaned"

under the weight of the viands spread before the diners. It was a happy occasion, truly a forerunner of the happy years that have intervened since.

Moved To Martinsburg

In 1925, Mr. and Mrs. Stoner left the farm and moved to the house on the hill on West Allegheny street, next door to their present residence. Two years thereafter, they moved into their present fine, brick house, built to their specifications and embodying all the comfort, conveniences and beauty in interior woodwork and design, modern invention affords. The altitude affords a view of the surrounding section that can scarcely be excelled anywhere else in the state.

Between the grounds at his home and the farm, Mr. Stoner fills in his time to good advantage. Mrs. Stoner, at off moments from housekeeping duties, sews and pieces quilts. It's doubtful that she keeps count of the number she turns out. She'll show

you the double wedding ring, Dresden plate, Irish chain or almost any other pattern you may mention. Her daughters, Mrs. Stern and Mrs. Howard Feather, and her grandchildren surely will have a cherished store of Grandma's dainty handiwork.

Has Happy Philosophy

Asked whether he thought the world was growing better or worse, Mr. Stoner replied:

"Well it's just how you look at it. If you are looking for the worst you can find it."

Conversely if you have the kind of disposition that inclines you to look for the best, that, of course, is what comes to view. For we must agree that we see what we look for. No wonder life has been sunny for Mr. and Mrs. Stoner. Their philosophy of daily living likely is what keeps them young. Young in appearance, young in outlook and youthfully alert mentally and physically.

ORE MINING AT HENRIETTA

"So you are the last leaf on the tree," remarked The Herald By-gone Days reporter to John M. Smouse, of Millerstown.

"I guess the last leaf on a dead limb," was the aged gentleman's quick retort. Although he is eighty-four, Mr. Smouse retains the family proclivity for cracking jokes. When you meet a Smouse, no matter how old or young he is, there's bound to be fun, because a joke is as natural to them as eating.

Prefers Fun To Imagination

True to the family trait, Mr. Smouse is long on fun but short on imagination. Contrary to the adjuration to Little Orphant Annie, he asserts that the goblins will not git you if you beware of imagination which creates goblins and their terrifying companion shades where there are

none.

Every time he hears something that bears the ear marks of being stretched a little he recalls a comical playlet he saw long ago at a one ring circus at Saxton. As a part of the concert following the main show, a man representing a lodger at a hotel, complained vehemently to the manager that his room was haunted. Yes sir, a thing like a big baboon hovered about his bed and disturbed the unhappy lodger's repose.

Pooh-pooping the idea, the manager at last said he would leave his watch dog in the room to guard the guest. In view of the audience the baboon appeared. Attacked by the faithful dog, the hideous animal escaped by climbing up a pole, leaving his tail in the teeth of the pursuing canine.

Aroused by the commotion, the manager rushed into the room. After listening to the lodger's excited description of the apparition, the manager again exclaimed:

"Impossible! It was nothing but your imagination."

"Imagination with a tail that long," answered the outraged lodger producing the trophy captured by the dog.

Therefore, concludes Mr. Smouse, imagination is responsible for many tales.

Last Survivor Of Family

But to come back to the family data that elicited the reporter's opening reference to Oliver Wendell Holmes' wistful poem, "The Last Leaf." Mr. Smouse stated he was the last one left of the children born to his parents, John and Elizabeth (Naugle) Smouse.

"There were sixteen of us, eight of each," he explained. Of the eight boys and eight girls in that full sized family only ten grew up. They were Delilah, wife of Jim Rhodes, Levi, Daniel, David, George, Fred, Andy, Mary Ann, wife of Dave Kensinger, Louvina, wife of Levi Smelser, Catherine, familiarly called Kate, twice married. The first time to George Smith and following his death to Jim Showalter, and of course, John M., the subject of this sketch.

Born July 8, 1855, he first saw the light of day in an era that was fairly primitive in comparison with present day standards. As soon as John was knee high to a duck, he pulled flax for his home spuns. As he grew older he broke and scutched it, too.

They raised their pantaloons and wamus right on the farm. Mother spun wool and flax into yarn and had it woven into cloth at the Waterside mill. Next to the horse, the main motive power on the farm was elbow grease. Grain was reaped with the cradle, flailed by hand and winnowed through a wind mill turned by

hand. Because hand work was slow, hours were long and all hands, little and big, were needed.

Had Knack For Various Jobs

It wasn't very long until the adults noticed that John M. had the knack of doing any kind of work. He'll tell you himself that he is "jack of all trades and boss of none." Here's a list of the lines of work that brought in the pay checks during his long years of activity:

Farmer, barber, undertaker's assistant, carpenter, mason, plasterer, engineer, miner, track repairman, sawyer. In addition, he was township road master for a year and since 1911 until the latter part of last month he served as sexton of Mt. Pleasant Reformed cemetery.

Asked how he learned all his trades, he said, O! he just watched how they were done then turned in and did them himself. In other words, he unconsciously put into execution that tried and true principle of psychology, "Learn to do by doing."

Mr. Smouse's father, before his marriage and advent into the Cove was a teamster. He drove six or four horse Conestoga wagons over the state turnpike between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, hauling anything for which there was a demand. During the height of the iron industry in Blair county he hauled pig iron from Rodman to the rolling mills at Pittsburgh, returning with merchandise for local store keepers.

History Was Printed At Herald

According to information contained in the Smouse family history, written by J. Warren Smouse, teamstering was the original vocation of the first Smouse, who emigrated to the United States from Germany. Handsomely illustrated and beautifully printed on smooth, heavy paper, it is a fine piece of typographical work. It came off The Herald press in 1908.

His irrepressible inclination to joke getting the better of him, Mr. Smouse

recalled a remark once made by the author of the book. Said the latter, "There's more truth in me than anyone else."

"How come?" he was asked.

"Because I've never let any of it out," he replied.

Nevertheless, the Smouse family history is a serious research of the genealogical tree, evidencing time, effort and efficiency in collecting facts.

The following excerpt from the book, somewhat condensed, gives some very interesting data about the first fore father of the Smouses in America. We will let it speak for itself.

Ancestors Landed At Baltimore

"John Smouse, son of Henry, was born April 5, 1721. He in company with Casper Lutz, Valentine Wilt, Elias Nicholas Bender, Philip Smeltzer and Christian Miller, set sail at Breman for the new world, landing at Baltimore September 19, 1738. He remained in Baltimore for only a few weeks when he went to Loudon county, Virginia. Engaged by an old pioneer to drive team, which vocation he followed until the spring of 1740, he then began farming. Also teamed freight from Baltimore into settlements in Loudon county during the French and Indian War.

"He and Christian Miller entered into employment of the government to haul supplies. They helped cut a road from Carlisle to Fort Bedford and Mr. Smouse was present with team when the fierce battle was fought at Bloody Run, now Everett. He was one of seventeen or eighteen men, who, under Captain Stone, rescued six prisoners that were to be burned by the Indians.

Helped Rescue Comrades

"On the day following the battle, Captain Stone called for volunteers to go at dead of night to rescue their unfortunate comrades. Eighteen responded. Silently marching through the forest, at dawn they dashed

among the wigwams of the Indian encampment and rescued the doomed captives. Only one received a slight wound."

Historians have learned little about the Battle of Bloody Run. Difference of opinion among them is so great, that some writers lean to the theory that the name Bloody Run was given to the stream merely on account of its waters having been tinged red by the blood of sheep that were slaughtered on its banks to provide meat for Colonial troops during the French and Indian Wars. J. Warren Smouse is the first to give any details relating to an engagement between the settlers and the savages, who disputed the rights of the former to claim the land.

Served In Revolutionary War

Mr. Smouse gave the information that the first John Smouse married Mary Wohlfom, a redemptionist or indentured servant, who had to work for a term of years for her master in order to redeem her passage money to America. Three of their sons, namely, Peter, George and Adam Smouse, served in the Revolutionary War, and as stated in the aforementioned history, were present at Yorktown when Cornwallis surrendered his sword to Washington.

John Smouse, the French and Indian War veteran, likely was a great-grandfather of John M. Smouse, although the latter never traced his lineage back that far. However, David Smouse, his grandfather, was in the War of 1812. Owing to the repetition of the Christian names, John and David, in each successive generation, it is somewhat confusing to distinguish which was which.

Hematite, magnetite, manganese, phosphorite.

If we were having a spelling match, our young coveites would remonstrate that the above list made a pretty big mouthful of words.

"No fair," they would complain,

"give us words we know."

To most Morrisons Cove residents, the meaning inherent in those words has passed out of their ken. Yet in the height of the iron era, they were as familiar to a large percentage of the population as milk, grain or rye whiskey.

John M. Smouse can roll them on his tongue with the ease thorough familiarity brings. In other words, he knows iron ore. Mention of the different ones in his presence recalls pictures to his mind of the ore holes and ore washing works at Leather Cracker, euphonized for the benefit of more refined ears to the name of Henrietta.

He also can picture himself as a young miner, armed with pick and shovel and with smoky neatsfoot oil lamp on his cap, faintly illuminating the tunnel, at least a half mile long, which pierced Tussey mountain from near Cove Station in the direction of Saxton. The miners emerged the color of the red hematite. No amount of soap, water or sweat could remove it. It had to wear off.

Engineer At Ore Banks

While Mr. Smouse could fill in on almost any kind of job at the Henrietta ore banks, he was employed usually as an engineer. For the stipend of \$1.25 a day, he operated the dinky engine which stood near the edge of the swimming hole, about where the high diving board now challenges the temerity of capable swimmers.

The ore holes contained no water then except perhaps puddles that remained following rain or snow fall. Steam generated by the engine was forced through a 2-in. pipe, which formed the motive power for running a pump. The latter was used to pump water from the creek into a large wooden tank set at an elevation sufficient to provide a steady stream for the purpose of cleansing the ore from sand, clay and other impurities adhering to it.

A lot of ore came out of those deep chasms which make such admirable swimming holes today, as well as out of the red ore holes to the northwest. Their abandonment was ushered in by the discovery of vast beds of pure ore on the shores of Lakes Superior and Erie. Quick to scent big money, the nabobs in the industry monopolized the lake mines, leaving the less accessible and less rich ores of Blair county unmolested in the mountain strong boxes upheaved by the forces of nature.

Witnessed Curious Happenings

During the sixteen years Mr. Smouse worked in the ore banks at Henrietta, he witnessed some curious happenings. The star performance was Christ Snyder's fake discovery of gold. Feeding dribblings of copper filings into rock and ore he smelted at his blacksmith forge, Blacksmith Snyder turned out specimens of gold flecked ore that looked enough like the real thing to deceive all but the experts. Sam Kinney worked the bellows.

On the strength of its authentic appearance, Mr. Kinney dug the famous gold mine on the mountain off the old road leading to Saxton. Salted with the phony gold bearing rock, it furnished the basis for floating an issue of Tussey Mountain gold mining stock.

While the promoters never reaped a fortune from the stock certificates, some of it is known to have found a market. Mr. Smouse, together with the majority of his fellow employees looked askance at this enterprising get rich scheme and would have nothing to do with it. Eventually when specimens were demanded for assay, the proposition collapsed.

Predicts Mining At Henrietta

Mr. Smouse declares there are unlimited quantities of iron hidden in the keeping of old Tussey. Some day, through the medium of improved machinery, he confidently predicts that Henrietta again will pulse with min-

ing activity.

As evidenced by the tunneling at Cove Station, a vein of iron underlies the mountain, running parallel to the range. At least throughout the length of the tunnel, there was no diminution of it. It lies under a strata of sand rock, eighteen feet thick. The miners had to remove the sand, digging the tunnel and re-enforcing the walls with timbers as they advanced the opening.

Half lying on their sides in muck and sand, the men hacked away at the iron ore. It was no fun wrestling the precious mineral out of Tussey's miserly clutches. The men were very tired at the end of their shifts but not too tired to indulge in horse play.

Enjoyed Playing Pranks

Mr. Smouse declares that the mind exerts such a power over the body that a lightsome spirit lends wings to one's strength. In proof, he remembers one Hallowe'en a group of them dragged one of the mine cars a considerable distance from its rightful location and propped it against the door of the blacksmith's house. His struggle to get out well repaid them for the muscular strain. But the cars were so heavy that had these same fellows been obliged to lift one of them as part of the day's work they could not have budged it.

Speaking of that stunt, reminded him of a trick of Jake Diehl's. Preacher Dan Holsinger, of Fredericksburg, on the Sunday mornings he was called on to fill preaching appointments at the Diehl Cross Roads Church of the Brethren, always stopped at the home of Jake's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Diehl, to have a cup of coffee and visit a bit before the service. On one such visit Jake dropped a number of liver pills into Granny Holsinger's coffee and the unsuspecting old lady drank it down, all unaware that anything was amiss.

After the last iron operator at the Henrietta Ore banks broke up, Harry

Lykens and Ely Glass undertook to rig up a washer to extract the iron out of the waste discarded at the preceding workings. They did pretty well at it, as Mr. Smouse remembers. He was foreman. They hauled the ore to Saxton from where it was shipped by rail to the east. They received \$1.25 per ton. This venture continued for about a year.

Man Was Good As His Word

Drawn from the experiences of a long life, Mr. Smouse made the observation that people may be much smarter nowadays. Certainly the average person has more book learning, but with all their knowledge, he has the feeling that they have backslid on reliability. In the old days, a man might have been a poor reader and writer and maybe drank more cider, but he was as good as his word. It seems to be customary now to promise everything and fulfill nothing.

He makes no pretensions to being a heavy weight in education. When he made his first bow to the a-b-abs in the dilapidated old Middletown school house, which stood adjacent to the Rev. Reiman Shaffer farm, the teacher did not bother with the beginners. Henry Holsinger was the teacher during that three month term nearly eighty years ago. The weather was cold and rough and the snow was deep, making the traveling pretty hard for a little boy.

At any rate Teacher Holsinger drew a short length rude bench close to the stove and told the little lad to stretch out on it and go to sleep. Obediently he did so, taking a nap before noon and another in the afternoon. The teacher made no attempt to give him any lessons. Doing nothing was sleepy business.

Somebody burned the school house down some time after Mr. Smouse's first term, necessitating his going to school at No. 1 at South Martinsburg. Succeeding teachers, among them were Preacher Fred Nicodemus, Lew-

is Zimmerman, and Annie Puderbaugh (Mrs. Martin Grafius), did better by him because he got enough out of the common branches not to believe everything that's put in print.

Merely to mention "garlic" in Mr. Smouse's hearing sets him off in one of those infectious laughs for which he is noted. No snicker, no cackle, but a laugh, so hearty and spontaneous that it makes you laugh with him, even before he tells you the joke.

During his father's teaming days, the latter helped Casper Reecy to haul fruit trees to Lancaster county. Mr. Reecy had a justly well-known nursery. On the farm a short distance east of Martinsburg he raised trees from seeds and sprouts. Cutting scions from every apple, pear or plum tree in the vicinity he heard about that bore superior fruit, he grafted them on his seedlings and thus developed a high grade line of trees.

On this particular trip, Casper carried a plentiful supply of boiled ham and bread to save lunch money enroute. Becoming hungry, John Smouse decided to eat a snack. In the meantime Mr. Reecy was drumming up trade, by calling on his customers from house to house. Thought John Smouse to himself:

"This ham don't smell right. Um-m, garlic!"

Garlic Spoiled A Lunch

Well, he didn't like garlic, so he fed a goodly portion of the meat to the dog, that had trotted along from home.

Soon Mr. Reecy returned to the wagon. On seeing the inroads his teamster had made on the ham, a look of astonishment, comical to behold, came over his face. Said the Dutchman:-

"You must be a awful eater."

John M. Smouse also worked for Casper Reecy. Of all that odd assortment of German immigrants, who made their home with Mr. Reecy,

their patron and fellow countryman, Oliweese (Oliver) Bessmiddler never ceased to excite young John M. Smouse's wonder on account of the extraordinary strength of the man. Short and stocky, Oliweese gave no appearance of great strength, but he could lift a barrel of cider off the ground and set it on a wagon with ease. Mr. Smouse saw him do it many a time.

Had Extraordinary Strength

Casper was always complaining that Oliweese broke up one wheelbarrow after another. He persisted in hauling hogsheads of wine from the press to the wine cellar on a wheelbarrow. If you take into consideration that the capacity of a hogshead is 63 gallons you will appreciate that loading a hogshead on to a wheelbarrow and walking away with it without noticeable effort, is a feat that rarely has been duplicated.

Mr. Reecy made wine as a business, selling it locally and in Hollidaysburg. Not infrequently he mixed it with apple cider, adding to the quantity and increasing the staggers to the gallon. Mr. Smouse remembers of Mr. Reecy buying a barrel of boiled down cider at Isaac Rhodes' sale. Taking it home he added sufficient wine to make five barrels all told, afterwards selling it in Hollidaysburg for \$15.00 a barrel. The 'burg must have been painted a bright red several times over out of that tintured grape.

Was Drummer In Band

We may have neglected to mention that among Mr. Smouse's manifold lines of activity, was that of drummer. He beat the big bass drum and tinkled the cymbals in the Henrietta cornet band. Jim Kenginger's boys were in it and George Hoover, Henry Adams, Ed Lee, Mart Glass, John Swartz, Dutch Wagner, Sam, Levi and Jake Falknor, to mention some of the others.

The band boys used to have good times together. There were no big doings without calling out the band. They played at picnics, serenadings, the Burget Family reunion, Smith reunion, but the big occasion in Mr. Smouse's mind was the first gathering of the Farmers picnic at Loose's grove at Henrietta.

Beginning Of Henrietta Picnic

Elvin Hagey and Ernest Straesser started it, stated Mr. Smouse. They hit upon the idea of putting every leading citizen on some committee or other, even Isaac Hoover and other of the patriarchs of the Church of the Brethren, who sat in the Amen corner and who wouldn't have gone to the picnic under any consideration on account of strict religious scruples.

They had so many folks on committees that the members alone would have made a crowd. The picnic went off with a bang. Even the promoters did not realize the size of their baby. It got to be the biggest recreational event in the county. Excursion trains, hay wagons, spring-wagons, dog carts, buckboards, rockaways, buggies, horse-drawn vehicles of all descriptions, brought in visitors by the thousands. You could see anyone from your cousin from Philadelphia to your uncle from Illinois at the Henrietta picnic. It has been going for thirty-five years and, in spite of opposition, is still quite an attraction.

Settled In Iowa

Mr. Smouse regrets that the family history his brother George started to write was destroyed. Like every other family a half century ago, the west fever broke out among the Smouses. George headed towards the prairies and settled in Iowa. Father and Mother Smouse paid him a long visit during which Father told George all the history he knew. George wrote it down with the intention eventually of compiling a book. His house caught fire and burned down, burning

the records with it.

Mr. Smouse recollects another unfortunate happening in the family. His half brother Abner, son of his father by a former marriage, came through service in the Civil War without a scratch. While cutting ice to store for summer use, Abner fell into the creek and was drowned.

He was on his way home at the time of the accident. No one knew how it happened. They tracked him in the snow. Even while they were searching, his wife saw his head protruding from the water as she stood by the window, not knowing what the object was, but fearing the worst.

Mr. Smouse showed the reporter a tin type.

"Look at the funny hat," he remarked.

Wife Was Pretty Girl

Ah, a belle. Such a pretty girl. Wide skirt, all rigged with ribbons and furbelows and with a pert little hat sitting on top of her hair knot, she looks like a picture out of a fashion magazine of the 'Seventies.

"That's my wife," he said, "She died in November 1918. She was Mary Ann Glass, a sister of Frank Glass and Hannah Stonerook. My youngest daughter, Anna Nora, Brook Hammel's wife, died two weeks afterwards. Our oldest boy, Homer, died of diphtheria when he was two years old.

The other children are Mary Edna (Mrs. Charles Socie), of Hollidaysburg; Ellen Jane (Mrs. Lew Mountz), of Hollidaysburg; Andrew, lived at Reno, he is dead too; Daniel, of Henrietta, and Fred of Altoona.

"Do you see that big mountain ash in front of the house? It's one of Gable's trees. Edna brought it from school. There are lots of Gable trees in the country. That was a fine thing to do, to give them to the school children to plant."

Lives Entirely Alone

Mr. Smouse lives alone. An old

man, happy in his memories, living in an old house. It is so old he does not know when it was built.

"This was Joe Clapper's house," he said. "Mebbe you mind Joe. He hung himself. John Koon turned the old log stable here on the lot into a dwelling house. That was a long time back. These buildings were made to last."

"Do you do your own cooking?" was asked.

"O, I don't cook much. The bread truck comes to my door and I like breakfast food and eggs. Maggie Ritchey, she was Ely Glass' daughter, lets her girl come and clean up. The only time I get lonesome is when I'm away from home."

Retains Old Barber Chair

"That barber chair! I got that about twenty-five years ago. Used to have it in Hagey's store at Henrietta. I barbered for sixty years, but I never cut my own hair. The only

men I ever knew, who cut their own hair were Harry Rascher and Sam Stonerook. I think Sam just whacked his straight across his neck but Harry trimmed his up pretty slick. He must have used mirrors. I cut Billy Smith's hair the other week but I am getting too old to barber."

Showing his sexton's book, he said he knows every grave but one. No one knows where the grave is or who is buried there. The body apparently was interred secretly and the sod planted over the leveled ground so that no trace was left; at least no such grave ever has been located.

We will take leave of Mr. Smouse, jack of all trades. He has lived long and happily. His rule of well being is "Be on the square." That's a very good rule, we must agree. Add a generous quantity of the Golden Rule and laughter and you have the ingredients of his contentment.

INTERESTING COVE DATA

Once or so in every generation, a scribe arises, who is smitten with the urge to write a history of Morrisons Cove. Many of these ambitions, from one cause or another, have died a-borning. According to a letter written by the fluent pen of one, who calls himself, "Wanderer" to The Hollidaysburg Register and printed in the issue of Wednesday, June 30, 1875 a project was under way to give to the world "A History of the Great Cove."

Since no such history seems to be extant today, it probably never reached the printer. If the unnamed writer of the history had the ready command of the King's English that Wanderer was gifted with, the people residing in the Cove today, have lost a priceless treasure of local data that at this late date can never be recovered.

Publication Efforts Failed

It is conceivable that the pen was willing but the pocket book of the historian was weak. Perhaps, his efforts to pledge subscribers was not successful. Some from lack of funds, others from a reluctance to see their names in print and still others from mistrust of the honesty and good faith of the writer, shy off from putting their names on the dotted line.

This is unfortunate, because the lives of the founders of the Cove and their descendants, for the most part, are well worthy of being perpetuated on the printed page. They have nothing to shield from the eyes of a censorious world. Furthermore, the story of Indian raids and adventures of the pioneers, their hardships and the courage and ingenuity they displayed in conquering the wild, should have been recorded as an inspiration to those

who have come after.

The By-Gone Days reporter on running across the Wanderer's letter in the ancient files of The Register, copied excerpts from it to offer to the readers of her column. First, for the poetical appreciation the anonymous traveler expressed for our grand and glorious Cove, and second, for the interesting data contained therein.

Indian Skeleton Removed

Inquiry of Collins Green, of Roaring Spring, disclosed the information that the skeletons of the bodies referred to by the Wanderer as having been interred in the Indian Graves in the Spang burial plot, were dug up when the foundation was excavated for the erection of the Bethel church at Roaring Spring.

The Wanderer lauds the water works on the Spang property which is designed to serve every property owner in town at his own hydrant. A purely "home production," the double action pump manufactured at the foundry forces water at the rate of sixty-one gallons per minute through a one and a half inch pipe that is 580 feet long and a smaller pipe, one-half inch in diameter, 200 feet long, cost almost nil.

He also notes the fencing in of the "Sugar Grove" picnic ground which has been put under the management of Col. Smaltz, a one-arm Civil War veteran, and regrets his inability to take the time to visit the Bloomfield Furnace where the "Rodman Gun" is being manufactured.

Following is the major part of the "Wanderer's" letter, mailed from Pittsburgh:

"Weared before reaching this great valley, I still could not refrain from admiring its beauty. Martinsburg is a handsome inland town — inhabited by a hospitable thriving people. All seem to live in a quiet easy and independent way—and you would not

for a moment suspect that the "panic" had ever reached them.

"I have often, as I traveled along, admired the fertile fields of Lancaster and Lebanon — but for picturesque scenery and fertility of the soil, this "Great Cove" (so-called in the early histories) surpasses them all! If the pen that made immortal the names of "Tempe" and the "Vale of Cashmere" had survived to portray the beauties of this valley — it would be more rewarded than by the little, narrow vales where youths and maidens as described by Moore, met annually to celebrate their "Feasts of Roses."

"From my home at the Hotel Grant kept by Col. F. D. Beegle, I went to the paper mill of Morrison, Bare and Co. This mill was erected originally at a cost of \$40,000, and after being burned, was erected at a sum exceeding that. Its business has so increased that the proprietors have found it necessary to enlarge the building. They have more orders than it is possible for them to fill.

"They employ a large number of working people — men and women — and thus render a positive benefit to the community. They have established a "Paper Store" at Pittsburgh of which Col. Morrison has taken charge.

"It is said that the water flowing from these crystalline springs is better adapted for the manufacture of paper than any other in the United States. There is also a flouring mill on this property owned by D. M. Bare, Esq., which is one of the best I have ever seen. A. M. Galbraith has charge of this mill.

"The firm store is a new, large building, filled with goods. There is also, as we understood, a new store to be started in the "Reprogle Buildings" next to the Grant House, by a company of gentlemen from the City of Baltimore.

"From the store I took a hurried stroll through the old burying ground on the Spang property. It is located on an eminence commanding a view of the large and beautiful valley spreading out from its feet. Some graves date back, I discovered, as far as 1785. Some of the Ullrich family, original proprietors of the soil, sleep here.

"It is also a favorable commentary on the Christian sentiment of this people to see the care and taste displayed in keeping up the graves, erecting monuments, etc. I passed a few moments very pleasantly and profitably in this

"City so silent and lone
Where the young, the gay and the best,

In polished white mansions of stone
Have each found a place of rest.

"From this point we started to see the far famed Roaring Spring. (Saw in the distance the 'long white house' of Maria Forge where the present editor of the Register — David Over — lodged one night, when it is averred by the inhabitants of this region, he was visited by the ghost of a noted iron master, to his great discomfort.

"I passed on my way, through the town, now numbering from ten to fifteen hundred people, by the homes

of Mr. Bowers and D. S. Longenecker formerly one of your county and others whose names we have not space to write, to the "Indian Graves."

"This locality is directly opposite the barn on the Martinsburg Turnpike and is marked by a cluster of locust trees. The "Indian Graves," as the people here say, is not correct. The graves are those of five white men who were murdered by the Indians. They were men who came from a fort from Woodcock Valley, into the Cove to look for some cattle that had been sent across the mountains to range upon the pastures found then in this beautiful valley.

"These graves are directly on the line leading to Dry Gap, and thence to Frankstown, the home of the old chief (Indian trader) from whom that place derives its name.

"In connection with this place, I have gathered many facts from "memory garrets" of the aged that will be placed in the hands of a gentleman who is now preparing a "History of the Great Cove."

"I am now at Roaring Spring. The "Mansion House" is a plain building, hospitably inhabited, and, from what I could see of the interior, I believe is suitably furnished.

"WANDERER."

RIVALLED FABLED AMAZONS

The antics of the powerful Katrinka, comic character created by Lynn Fontaine, entertains millions of newspaper readers. Improbable as her stunts are, many of her feats of strength could have been duplicated by Mrs. Casper Reecy, to whom reference was made in the historical sketch given by Harvey Stoner.

George Snoberger, of Roaring Spring, recalling incidents told by his father, relating to Mrs. Reecy, said

that as a child, he listened enthralled to the stories about this amazing woman, who in point of size and strength rivaled the fabled Amazons.

For instance, she could stand on a half bushel measure and toss a two and a half bushel bag of wheat over her shoulder as easily as swing an ax. It was given as a fact that on a dare she lifted a 700 lb. forge. Of course, she did not raise it up into the air but she actually raised it off its

moorings.

While she had been married to Julius Clot, spelled on the Will Index in Tom Peoples' office at the courthouse, as Glatt, Mr. Snobberger says the report was in his youth that she had been married several times. Accused on one occasion of having snatched a hammer from a neighbor, she denied the charge hotly. But as the man persisted, eventually she threw the hammer at him, declaring, with some very strong adjectives thrown in for emphasis:

"There is your old hammer, if you keep on, you will think I stole it."

Judging by the dates on their respective tombstones, Mrs. Reecy was much younger than he. They are buried in the Catholic cemetery at Hollidaysburg, in accordance with the wishes expressed in their last wills and testaments. The simple inscriptions are as follows:

Casper Reecy
Died Jan. 8, 1878
Aged 83 yrs., 7 mos., and 28 days.

Catharine Reecy
Died Mar. 19, 1898
Aged 72 yrs., 6 mos., and 11 days.

Mrs. Reecy's grave is marked by a neat quadrangular monument. Her husband's marker is a plain marble slab, much like any others to be seen

in the cemetery. However his head stone was a source of much curiosity to generations of Hollidaysburg children. It was quite a fad among them to stroll through the burial ground, the Reecy head stone drawing them like homing birds. The reason was that a photograph, an old fashioned cabinet size, was set into a niche on the reverse side of the slab. The picture of the bald-headed man inspired speculation and comment as only the unusual calls forth from children. Covered with heavy beveled glass, it withstood the elements for many years. Eventually its lure to vandalism was too much for some thoughtless interloper to withstand. It was destroyed. Only the unoccupied niche remains. Thus Mr. Reecy's lineaments perished from human gaze.

Relations between Mrs. Reecy and her brother, the big, somewhat uncouth Yost Foor or Farr, as it is spelled in Mrs. Reecy's will, must not have been cordial. Proof of this is contained in the following clause as it appears on the docket:

"By reason of his outrageous treatment of me, neither my brother, Yost Farr, nor any of his family shall have one dollar from my estate."

Following money requests for masses, Mrs. Reecy named her niece, Catharine Krummack, of Lincoln City, Neb., as residuary legatee.

POSTOFFICE

Beginning with the new year, the post office at Curryville will hang out its sign from its new stand in the Jay Blackburn dairy feed store office on the Andy Kauffman premises, which will be vacated by H. E. Koontz. Postmaster H. B. Stonerook received notification from Postmaster General Jim Farley's department that his application requesting leave to

RELOCATED

move the post office has been granted.

The removal of the post office from its present headquarters, which it has occupied since its installation in the early seventies, will inaugurate a chain of flittings of business firms. As mentioned above, H. E. Koontz, who managed the mill and dairy feed store on the Andy Kauffman farm for

a number of years will continue in the same line in the southern part of Bedford county.

Mr. Blackburn will move from the old Pennsylvania Railroad station and warehouse building, where he had conducted business under the trade name of "The Curry Supply Store." William Wineland, son of J. F. Wine land, proprietor of the International Harvester Farm Equipment and automobile garage will launch out in the feed and grain business in the building Mr. Blackburn vacates.

P. O. And Village Named

The postoffice was established soon after the completion of the Morrisons Cove branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad company. Named in honor of J. W. Curry, a minor railroad official, who blew into the new station in a high silk hat and frock coat there was not much visible to justify the tacking of "ville" on to Mr. Curry's name to designate the shipping point. Curry was given as the name of the railway depot, but perhaps sensing the strategic location for a village, the name Curryville was authorized for the post office.

Certainly no village marked the spot then. Here was an area of farm land pure and simple. A city block distant, was the Isaac Latshaw place, late of I G. Kauffman. The Christian Brown pebble-dash house standing close to the school house, could be seen looking farther southward.

A big lilac bush and a couple of crabapple trees on the Rev. L. B. Hoover farm are the only remaining vestiges of the home site. Isaac Bur get, whose second wife was Mary Haffly, his children Ellen and Irvin, and his wife's mother Granny Haffly, resided across the road from Latshaw's. Granny lived well past ninety. This is now the Mrs. Mary Smith property.

Many Landmarks Recalled

On the present Isaac Boose home-

stead stood the log dwelling house of Mr. and Mrs. John Zook, Mr. Zook's blacksmith shop occupied the corner at the fork of the road leading to Saxton, now John Forshey's garage. Down in the hollow, west of the Zook home were the farm buildings of Simon Snyder, now Glenn Bechtel. The Conrad (Coonrod) Dilling family lived on the Samuel Ritchey farm. Grand-daddy Frederick Zook's lived on the Ira Kanode farm.

Daniel Snowberger, "Uncle Dan" to the younger folks, lived on the A. G. Kauffman farm. David M. Shriner then occupied the Levi Sollenberger farm. Adjoining it on the east was the farm of "Larry" Matthews, now the John Gahagan farm. The Baltzar Young's lived in a little old log house at the end of the Larry Matthews lane, north of Curryville, and beyond rose the farm buildings of William Layman and Jacob Law, the Ray Bumgartner and John Keith homes respectively.

That was the set-up in the immediate vicinity. However, Mr. Curry, looking ahead to the freight that would be hauled in from Bedford county had faith that Curryville would grow. He eventually built himself a mansion near the station, now the I. N. Keith residence.

Probably, with the thought in mind of using the post office as the nucleus for a thriving merchandising business as a side line to the buying and selling of grain, Mr. Curry may have pulled a few political wires to get the post office. It's been done. Prior to its establishment the farm folks, heretofore named, must have been obliged to drive, ride or walk in to Martinsburg to get their mail and Navy plug.

First Postmasters

While the office records are silent on this point, it is assumed that Mr. Curry was the first postmaster. William Nicodemus, "Will Nick" for

short, was one of the earliest officials. While the post officeship was in his name, he left the running of it largely to his father, 'Squire Henry Nicodemus.

In 1877 a little boy Henry Stonerook, came to Curryville from his home at Stonerook's Hill, near Leather Cracker Cove, to see whether a carload of coal, ordered by his father, had arrived.

Somewhat diffidently the lad entered the "station" to make his inquiry. The postoffice stood immediately inside the door, facing west. Adjoining it was the railway office, where a ticker, busily clacking away, attracted young Henry's curiosity. He was told it was a telegraph instrument, whatever that was.

Arrival Of Future Postmaster

This same lad, now grown, came to the "station" as a man of all work, in the employ of "Will Nick" in 1892. Off and on, he helped old 'Squire Henry sort the mail and did various other chores about the postoffice. He caught on so efficiently that 'Squire swore him in as a postal clerk the following year.

Mr. Stonerook was promoted to the job of assistant postmaster in 1905 and in 1926, he was appointed postmaster. He has an unbroken record of service since 1893 — forty-five years — and expects to hand out the same brand of reliable service at the new location. In other words, the mail will be handled in the same old way.

Jacob Reed, Will Nick's father-in-law, and his nephew, Frank Hartley, both of Bedford, assisted in the grain and coal business at the beginning of the century. Mr. Hartley occasionally ordered a carload of middlings to retail to the farmers.

"Tut, tut!" warned the majority of the farmers, "if a farmer pays out money for feed, he'll break up."

Well, some of them did. But along came the milk shipping new wrinkle.

It was not long until high pressure, silver tongued dairy feed salesmen buttonholed the farmers singing the siren refrain, "One hundred pounds of dairy feed should make a hundred pounds of milk."

Dairy Feed Business Grows

So it eventuated that the dairy feed business grew to such proportions that from an insignificant side line, it has developed to a major industry. All of which has taken place co-incidental with, and under the same roof, which has for so long covered the post office.

As William Wineland remarked not long ago. "If I had all the money that has gone in and out of the till in this old building, I'd be a millionaire, several times over."

The volume of feed that has come into Curry and the quantities of farm products that have gone out in car-load lots throughout the history of the postoffice, certainly would run into unbelievable big figures.

Since it is almost impossible to dissociate the postoffice from this business, it might be of interest to mention that the late "Dolly" (L.R.) Over, actually had the foundation laid for the building of a grain elevator. It never was finished but the Curryville-ites can have the satisfaction of patting themselves on the back for having at least come within an ace of getting the first grain elevator in the Cove.

While Mr. Stonerook has made no declaration, it is taken for granted that a liar's bench will be set up in the new postoffice. The old one will remain where it is and likely will continue to be the seat of the tall story club, but as customers await the changing of the mail, they will require a communal good-fellowship bench from force of habit.

At present there are fifty paid box holders. Close to a score more patrons are served in addition. The vol-

ume of mail, augmented by the business of the Abbott's milk plant and the three operating feed concerns, is

large, having remained fairly stationary during the last ten years.

WILLIE WEARYEASY

Willie Wonders Whether Something Can't Be Done About People Who Arrive At Your Home For A Visit And Forget To Leave

Mice Run-Around,
20 Apr., 1939.

Deare Unkel Sammy:-

ime ritin fur to see iffen sumthin can't be did about peepul that cums fur a visit an then brings thair trunks an makes out yure runnin a free bording house.

my ant Eophrony wot wuz livin at Wild Cat Gulch way out in Colerady, her old man died an she cums east she sez fur a visit, but she camped down on us an it looks like she goin fur to stay fur keeps.

she got herself a permunt afore Crissmus becoz she sez the prospect looks good fur to git a-nother man. she has her i on a We Don't Work. out in Wild Cat thay shipped milk an wot with the price droppin all the time she sed thay mites well go to the poor house first as last. the next time she jumps into matemony she wants a man with a stiddy income like a We Don't Work.

well, she counts on the permunt to do the trick. the only trubble is she haint combed it sence she got it. the last wile back her an my wife Baloooney is bean rowin sumthin awful. Baloooney sez Ant Phrony's hair looks like a wore out floor mop. Ant Phrony whacks back about the mice in our house.

she sez as how the mice is runnin around in our house soze it disturbs her peace an comfort. Thay tickels her feets evry time she gits them out

frum under the kivers in bed an thay plays tag over her face an down her neck. Thataway her slumbers are disturbed soze she don't git moren 10 er 12 ours sleep a day witch is wearin in her nervous systim to a frazzle.

worsern than that evry time she opens her store teeth fur to clamp down on a gob of vittles, she don't no iffen sheze gittin pot roast er a mouthfull of mouse hide.

i ups and sez, "Iffen you don't like our breed of mice, we haint got no strings to you. you kin go somewhere else ware your better sooted enny time you feels like it."

that puts a crump in her that shuts her up like a trap. after that the mices are left to thair own affaires. thay haint brung up as subjects fur conversation every time Ant Phrony wants to screech about sumthing witch is all the time. how it comes that the weemin don't ware out thair talkers from overwork is beyond me.

here a cupply nites ago wen we wuz settin at the supper table, little Leafy, that's the next to the youngest, pints to Ant Phrony's hed an sez:

"Ooo, looky! Thairs sumthin kicking around in Ant Phrony's hair."

well sir, we starts investigatin an shure as fate thair wuz a mice's nest in her permint. Thay wuz the cutest things you ever seed. no wonder she put up a howl about the mices gittin too familiar.

Youres trooley,
WILLIE WEARYEASY.

MILLINERY SHOP OBLITERATED

Spectators at the auction of the household goods of Susie Kauffman, deceased, at the late home, corner of North Market and Julian streets, Martinsburg, Saturday afternoon, witnessed the last vestige of what once was an important small town trade.

Among the articles offered for sale were the remains of Miss Kauffman's millinery business. Here was a box of hats; another of straw braid and flowers, veilings and various bits of other trimmings. For mark you, a milliner in those times was more than a retailer of ready-made women's hats. She made her wares, stitch by stitch.

As an arbiter of fashion, she was a woman of recognized social status in a community. No high pressure salesmanship was employed. The buying of a hat was on a personal basis, with the milliner as adviser and consultant. Desire to make a sale never was allowed to color the milliner's judgment as to the becomingness and fitness of the hat. Well she knew that a satisfied customer was the life of her trade.

Underwent Apprenticeship

Preceding the hanging out of her sign, a milliner underwent a long apprenticeship. In addition to nimble fingers, she had to have a flair for style, an appreciation of symmetry and an eye for color. The knack of looping a ribbon so or of placing a flower in just the right position, those were natural gifts.

Some girls could work at a hat until doomsday and, no matter how painstaking the effort, the resultant creation would have that fatal "Dutch" look that defied that mysterious something called style. Plainly, as a milliner, such a poor lass had missed her calling.

Hats, when the Merry Widow held

sway, were fearfully and wonderfully made. Birds, wings, plumes, tail feathers, bewildering gardens of flowers, laces, ribbons, knick-nacks and what-nots, were massed together in amazing array. Specimens of these relics of the milliner's art can be produced on demand from chests and boxes in the attics of many Morrisons Cove homes.

Ask for an old-time dress parade at a play, party or Hallowe'en celebration, and they will be forthcoming in quantity. We laugh and exclaim over their weight and intricacy but who knows but what, if kept long enough, they may come into fashion again.

Making Hats Were Important

Miss Kauffman kept her millinery shop in the ground floor room on the north side of her home. Many local ladies, both among the younger set and the older, remember patronizing her shop. Seeing a hat assembled from the wire frame to the completed creation, must have been an interesting experience. The planning of it must have been fraught with all the importance of a deal in big business.

She may have learned her trade from Mattie Clapper, whose popularity won her success for many years. She maintained a shop where Glenn Leidy has his electrical store and, preceding that, in the present Herald office. Miss Carrie Bridenbaugh also was a milliner worthy of the art. Their skill of another day had to yield to the age of specialization which decrees ready-made hats to suit all kinds of tastes and heads.

Hats of every shape and description. Take your choice. You can have anything from an up-side-down spittoon, a patty pan or a dancing Dervish's fez to a salad dish. They all pass for hats, for the feminine urge for variety must be catered to.

FORMER RACE TRACK FARM

The old picket fence, the white washed picket fence that enclosed the farm door yard! While it may not be exactly of late lamented memory, yet it evokes a pang of something akin to homesickness in the recollections of the older folks, because it belonged to the never-again land of youth.

White washing the picket fence was women's and children's work. The degree of whiteness was a symbol of the house keeping efficiency of the woman of the home. Like those women, who get up at 3 o'clock in the morning on Mondays in order to have their wash hung out before any one else, the fence was treated to its annual coat of white wash early in the spring. What a heart-breaking thing it was when a dashing rain beat a good part of the freshly applied layer off those immaculate palings!

Homesteads Were Substantial

The above delvings into the past were inspired by the beautiful steel cuts of farms which illustrate the Waterman, Watkins History of Bedford, Fulton and Somerset counties, published in 1884. Admitted that the pictures may owe something of their perfection to the re-touch artist, yet the neatness of those fine homesteads, is the first thing that catches the eye. Large, substantially built dwelling houses, with wide Colonial chimneys, barns and fences in excellent repair. No junk heaps. A place for everything and everything in place.

Most outstanding are the long rows of picket fences, tops straight as a level could draw the line and not a single picket missing. In view of the fact that the yards are big as a field and that the vegetable gardens also are fenced in one realizes that the white washing was a real job.

Grass Was Cut By Scythe

A detail not shown is whether the grass is shorn short. In the days prior

to the advent of the mechanical lawn mower, the grass was cut by the men with a scythe. Now almost a lost art some of those old-timers could cut the grass as evenly and almost as short as with a lawn mower.

Ding donging them to do it was a job in itself. While there were men who took pride in their well-cut lawns, others regarded the grass cutting as merely women's fussiness and wouldn't swing the scythe until wheedled into it by their wives' fears that the children would be bitten by snakes that might lurk in the tall grass.

Picket Fences Were Quaint

Whatever objection there were to picket fences on the score of repair and white washing, no one can deny that they were quaint. They added a rural touch that nothing else can give. However, changing taste and changing times condemned them to the wood pile and iron fences took their place by those who could afford them, while the less well-to-do put up wire fences. Now the trend seems to be towards no lawn fences at all.

Since most farmers keep their chickens within bounds and cattle no longer are allowed to pasture on the high road, there is no good reason for having fences. Besides, through the stimulation of flower clubs and community spirit, lawns are so well-kept that fences detract from their beauty. Then there is the question of expense. It surely is cheaper to have no fence.

One of the most attractive pictures in the Waterman, Watkins history is that of "Twin Springs" stock farm, near Bakers Summit, then owned by Dr. J. W. Madara, now owned by Harry Mowery, well known dairy man. Everything is spic and span. In the fore ground is shown an arc of the race track on which two race horses hitched to sulkies are running neck and neck, while a group of men

look on.

House Burned To Ground

This house was burned to the ground about forty-four years ago. It was then occupied by Frank Brumbaugh, a brother of County Commissioner Dan Brumbaugh. One day while Mrs. Brumbaugh was assisting her husband in the field, Grandmother Brumbaugh, Mr. Brumbaugh's mother, remained at the house to do the ironing. Before long the workers in the field were summoned by flames that enveloped the house. The conflagration spread so rapidly that only a trifling few household goods could be saved.

Grandmother Brumbaugh was unable to tell how the fire started. It was presumed to have caught from either an over heated chimney or articles that were being ironed may have ignited from the hot flat iron during the momentary absence of the old lady from the kitchen. At any rate, while the new house was being erected on a different site, the family ate in the spring house, which escaped unscathed, and slept in the barn.

Were Prominent Citizens

The Madaras, of mixed German and Scotch extraction, were prominent citizens in their day. According to the biographical sketch in the aforementioned history, Dr. James W. Madara had a colorful career. We take the liberty of copying the following excerpt, solely on account of the interesting nature of its content:

"Dr. James W. Madara was born at Sarah Furnace November 17, 1850. In 1851 he moved with his family to Bloomfield Furnace. His elementary education was procured in the public schools. For two years, from the fall of 1866, he attended the Agricultural College, Centre county, Pennsylvania, and then went to St. Francis College, Loretta, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, where he graduated in June 1879.

"He next attended the Williamsport Seminary, from which he graduated in 1873, with the B. S. degree, following which he read medicine with T. H. Helsbey, M. D., of Williamsport until the fall of 1874, when he entered the Jefferson College at Philadelphia, and graduated with the honors of his class in March 1876.

"His knowledge as a physician was brought into immediate requisition, for during the summer of 1876, he officiated as physician and surgeon at the Municipal Hospital, Philadelphia. In September, 1876, the doctor entered the University of Pennsylvania, from which he graduated in March 1877."

Was Well Educated

Young America, in enjoyment of the unlimited educational advantages of the present day, are inclined to be a little supercilious about the knowledge of the old-timers. They feel assured they were ignoramuses. But here was "Doc" Madara, a Bakers Summit boy, who went to State College when that institution was in its infancy and continued until he had sheepskins from St. Francis College, Williamsport Seminary, Jefferson Medical College and the University of Pennsylvania.

Now let us see what our young doctor did with his diploma. Unfortunately his health failed. We next find him bound for Dallas, Texas, where he took the position of surgeon for the Texas and Pacific Railway. Discovering the Texas climate to be unsuitable, Dr. Madara climbed into his buggy one day in the spring of 1878 and headed for the Indian Territory, now Oklahoma. He drove for six hundred miles through the territory, eventually locating at Harper, a town which he helped to found.

First Doctor In Oklahoma

Not only was he the first physician in that settlement but he was the first one to be married there. His bride was Miss Mary Glenn. He had every

expectation of growing up with that wild and woolly western section but in 1879 he was called back home on account of the death of his father, the late Col. James Madara, one time employed as manager of the Bloomfield Furnace, by Peter Schoenberger, the great ironmaster.

Although Dr. Madara practiced his profession at Bakers Summit and vicinity, the chief interest of his life was breeding and training race horses. He enjoyed the reputation of having the fastest trotters in the county. His interest was so absorbing that his biographer states that he could memorize the longest pedigree at a single reading.

Operated Race Track

A. B. Miller, of Curryville, as a boy, used to do chores on the "Doc" Madara farm. He well remembers the excitement when races were run on the track. Crowds of men and boys congregated. Big bugs from the cities, swaggered about, wearing high silk hats and with gold watch chains, pretty nearly the size of a calf chain,

strung across their fancy vests, and dangling gold headed canes.

They bet sums of money that bunged the eyes of the country yokels.

In the first place they had but little money to spend and lastly the preachers thundered such fiery blasts against betting, that they merely stood and looked on. Nevertheless, had they confessed the truth, they were as much thrilled as the gamblers.

Leaves For Kentucky

Eventually the doctor took his string of horses to the blue grass region of Kentucky and thus wrote finis to his racing venture at Bakers Summit. The trainers and hostlers disappeared. Their songs as they trotted the horses at day break were heard no more. Grass grew over the race course and the followers of the tracks struck the village off their list.

At the out-break of the Spanish-American war, Dr. Madara went to the Philippine Islands, as a government doctor. He never came back.

ENJOY TRIP THROUGH COVE

Perhaps never before in real life was a more impressive parallel to history drawn than was enacted Saturday evening at the Dick schoolhouse, a mile south of Roaring Spring.

It marked the climax of the educational survey incident to the auto-cade itinerary through Morrisons Cove of the Blair County Historical society. Despite the heat which reduced the tourists to a state of oozing discomfort, the Cove never looked more beautiful. Except for the prevalence of fire blight which has killed some of the foliage of fruit trees, the ample rains have clothed the countryside with a luxuriant emerald not seen during the dry cycle of the last several summers.

Scenically, it put on a show that is hard to beat, no matter to what favored part of the globe you may fare to make comparison. Nor has the justly noted hospitality of this section ever been exemplified more graciously than by Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Hershberger when they welcomed the crowd at Oak Lawn Manor, their country place, built during the iron era by Dr. Peter Shoenberger. Crowd is the word too, because there were well over a hundred people. While the Williamsburg delegation did not make the full round trip, between thirty-five and forty cars stayed in as far as the Dick school house.

Here Ex-County Superintendent T. S. Davis, taking John Greenleaf Whit-

tier's poem, "School Days" as the basis of his speech, made a most dramatic denouement to the series of interesting events.

On account of the heat and the size of the crowd, which filled the building to its utmost capacity, the plan for an indoor meeting was changed. The folks were asked to gather in the school yard.

Here in a natural amphitheater, with the squat little stone building that has defied time and change, the center of the stage, a scene was enacted which brought to life the details of Whittier's poem.

As Professor Davis repeated the lines, the setting fitted exactly: —

"Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning,
Around it still the sumacs grow
And blackberry vines are running."

Yes, the picture was complete. Built in 1829, the old schoolhouse has been sitting in abandonment for lo, these many years. A back drop of sumacs provide nature's canvass for the word painting of the poem.

The door's worn sill, the master's desk, deep scarred by raps official suggested the activities that here took place just as the poet described them. In justification of the teaching represented by the period in which the Dick school functioned, Professor Davis said that the teaching of arithmetic has not been improved since.

Likewise spelling, but those old-time instructors failed lamentably in teaching reading. The pupils, of course, by reason of their spelling, could pronounce the words without any prompting but they read without expression and with little understanding.

Illustrating the efficiency in teaching arithmetic in early days, Professor Davis propounded some brain teasers to prove his contention. As for example: —If 2-3 of A's fortune plus

$\frac{3}{4}$ of B's, put at interest for 5 years at 6%, amounts to \$7,800, what is the fortune of each providing 2-3 of A's equals $\frac{3}{4}$ of B's?

To the question, "How many of you can solve it?" some of the gray heads in the audience nodded a vigorous affirmative.

The western sun lit up the window panes of the Dick schoolhouse, and, carrying the parallel to its conclusion, the speaker recreated the boy and girl schoolday romance of the poem. In the lines the girl says:

"I'm sorry that I spelled the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because, the brown eyes lower fell,
Because, you see, I love you."

At Professor Davis' side stood Al Cowen, faithful proponent of education and one of the Cove's most prominent and highly respected retired farmers. Physically weakened by age but mentally alert, Mr. Cowen's eyes stared straight ahead, fixed not so much upon the scene before him as upon the image memory brought to view.

For Al Cowen had gone to school at Dick schoolhouse seventy-five and more years ago. He, like the boy in the poem, missed a word, and his school boy sweet heart spelled it right and trapped him. She, too, regretted having to "go above him" because of her affection for the boy.

The word was quoderat demistrandum.

Professor Davis also told the story of Edward Cowen and his bride, which is as fascinating a love tale as could be written by the pen of the fictionist. Edward Cowen was the progenitor of the Cowens in the Cove and was the great, great grandfather of Al Cowen.

The story has been given in the By-gone Days recollections in The Herald before. It is ever worth the telling.

Landing in Philadelphia in the late 1700's young Mr. Cowen, a native Scotsman, met a German girl by the name of Pote. She spoke no English and he spoke no German. Although they could not make themselves understood by words, they fell in love and each interpreted the feelings of the other in the common language of love. They were wed.

The young bridegroom, putting his lady on a pillion behind him, set out on horseback for the frontier at Frank-town of which traders had told him. Eventually they came to Roaring Spring. Investing his fortune of five or six hundred dollars, Mr. Cowen bought a large tract of land along Halter creek. It is on this land that the Dick schoolhouse stands.

Following Professor Davis' speech, Elder James A. Sell, of Martinsburg stepped forward and stated that the Dick schoolhouse was used as a place of worship, being the only chapel in that section, and that he attended services there when he was a boy.

There were some pretty elderly folks in the party, but Elder Sell is by far the oldest. He is almost ninety-four. He stood the trip much better than some far younger. At the stop at Soap Fat Furnace at Point View, where Harry McGraw made a very enlightening speech, Elder Sell listened with particularly close attention because he had been through the mill. He was perhaps the only one present who knew the facts from experience. For he had worked at Upper and Lower Maria furnaces.

While climbing over the hill to Soap Fate furnace, your reporter asked him,

"Daddy, why did they call it Soap Fat?"

"I suppose it was because the store-keeper at the furnace sold the employees tainted meat. They generally did sell meat that was on the verge of being spoiled."

Sure enough, Mr. McGraw gave

that in the paper he read at the site of the furnace, as the origin of the name.

Someone else remembered having been told that when the furnace shut down, the wives of the workers called to one another, gleefully, "Goodbye, soap fat."

The Williamsburg delegation, headed by Burgess William VonDreau, W. Ray Metz, Ted Wilt, and Assemblyman Raymond Sollenberger, met the caravan at the bridge at Ganister. Coming to a halt at the big spring in Williamsburg, the party enjoyed the chance to relax at this lovely spot and to listen to very informative talks by Mr. VonDreau and Mr. Sollenberger. Introduced by Mr. Metz, the Williamsburg representatives extended a hearty welcome.

In referring to the old landmarks, Mr. Sollenberger pointed to the Metz home on Main street, stating it stands on the site of the first tavern in Williamsburg. A brand of whiskey, known locally as "corn cob" was sold at the tavern which carried such a powerful kick that the customers, knocked out by it, were carried to the big cellar or dungeon under the building to sober up.

Williamsburg's chief bid to historical fame, aside from its iron industry, is the fact that its founder, Jacob Ake, established the first free school in the state of Pennsylvania in the town in 1790. He built the school and defrayed the expense of operation out of his own pocket.

Enroute to Oak Lawn Manor, the motorcade passed the site on the Elmer Treese farm of Captain William Phillips' fort. The monument on the eastern side of Tussey mountain commemorates the massacre of seven of Capt. Phillips' scouts by the Indians. On account of the difficulty in handling the many cars in the narrow lane leading to the buildings and the Phillips family burial ground, no stop was made here.

No vestige of the fort remains. A log from it was used in the super structure of the present farmhouse and the door of the fort until recent years was stored in the barn. There are no other relics. A garden covers the site of the fort. Floyd Hoenstine, president of the society, gave the salient facts relating to the fort at the banquet at the Lutheran church of Roaring Spring. As a matter of fact every speech made should be printed and preserved as historical references.

Proceeding up Clover Creek road, the caravan came to a halt at Oak Lawn Manor. Restored to its former state and furnished with original pieces in conformity to the period, the stately old mansion, built in 1840 or 41 by Dr. Shoenberger as a bridal gift to his daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Lytle, set in a grove of oaks some of which were saplings when Columbus discovered America, drew forth admiring comments, especially from the ladies.

Professor J. E. Butts, assistant county superintendent of schools, made a very interesting speech from the front porch. Following, the guests

made a tour of the house and were treated to ice water by the charming hostess. The stop here was all too short but time precluded a longer stay.

Aboard their cars again, the caravan proceeded to the Dick schoolhouse by way of Henrietta, Curryville and Ore Hill. The illuminated fountain at Roaring Spring contributed in no small degree to rounding out the wonderful sights provided by the trip. It was unfortunate that the narrow entrance eliminated a stop at the steam pump dam, truly an enchanting spot.

A bountiful menu appeased good appetites at the banquet. Dr. L. N. Ray, president of the board of directors of the Altoona schools, presided as master of ceremonies. Cognizant of passing time, Dr. Ray pared his remarks to the bone, thus allotting the most time possible to Dr. Eugene M. Gardner, the guest speaker. Ivan Garver, in a few appropriate words, extended a hearty welcome. A check-up on the tickets disclosed that one hundred and seven sat at the banquet tables.

HONUS UND BEVY

Hite huts nuch row wetter, es gept epmoles shnae, undt noach dem reagha, undt iver en wennich iss es shae wetter, soon shine. Well, ich denk meer gregha blendty shae undt hase wetter iver en wennich de Bevy maendt es mer set net glawva es iver a mole koompts ferlicht witter drooka undt hase ganoonk. Well so iss es, ich hop uft enocht gnoomma es der wetter undt feel onner soch iss net recht tsu oll de liedt, es shinedt es won es hut en dale liedt es shoodt finna deen mit olles es se saena undt shpeera undt sin net gadooldtich mit ennich eppas. Well es hut hov ich uft

kaerdt oll sot liedt iver der weldt es nempt oll sot liedt en weldt tsu mocha, es mensht es mer now haera doot, iss weagha der WPA es hut en wish foon liedt woo oof der WPA henkshoft, es kenna nimmy shoffa droof, unlt wissa net ferwos.

Ich undt de Bevy hen nuch unser hamet undt bowerie, undt so lung es meer nix oof shriva deen fer de kals es unse wella glawva mocha es won meer geldt laena kenna unser sholdta patsawla kenna meer unser hamet holdta awver won se unse fesht greagha iss es net lung biss mer der hamet ferlora doot.

De Bevy mændt se se hut era lepdawk net ouse gfoonna foon ennich epper es foon der Goverment glaendt hut in era laevas tsiedt ouse pat-sawidt hut, undt ennich hut, waer se fro won se era haera foon era goot glick. Well so gates, eva ich denk es won de liedt oof sich selver shoffa undt managa deen sin se besser op ennyhow sel iss der wake es meer denka.

Es hut nemondt es unse eppas gevva utter foon unse nemma es der Tox, der shool, wake, undt County and Shtate, toxæ missa oll patsawldt sie. Undt meer missa geldt gevva fer en dale soch es meer essa missa, undt gleaderter undt shoe, awver won meer ken intdress patsawla missa, hen meer der geldt so soch kauffa, yoosht foon wem, undt won mer will.

Ich undt de Bevy hen nuch ken gawrda gmocht, es iss tsu noss, undt tsu koldt, des iss yoosht der Opbril, awver ich will wetta es iss ferlicht Moy biss des in der tsiedting gadoo wart, undt glaesæ wart, undt ferlicht by sel tsiedt iss der reagha undt koldt ferby. Won ennich eppas gablonst now iss, dates net woxa der wake es der wetter iss, undt doch doot besser fer unse, won mer der blonsa doot won der butta wafrum iss undt net so noss.

Ich waer in Martinsburg gwest der onner dawk, undt hop der Lee Settle awegadruffa. Der Lee is arse foon de bowera drivva naeksh der Hickry Bottom Shtrose. Der Levi iss nuch foon de auldt fashiondt deitcher, es hut nimmy so feel liedt es so goot deitch shwetsa es der Lee. Ich hop ortlich tsu ean gshwetst weagha bowera, undt de kals es rume gat-sugha hen den freeyore, es waer feel tseaghs den freeyore iver der londt-shoft.

Es mocht mich dnka foon yora tsrick we ich undt de Bevy hen nuch ken blots kot es meer unser agens hen kenna haesa. Meer hen olse ollie freyore missa ommernendt shoonsh

tseagha hen missa, undt yoosht en yore bliva, undt witter en onner blots soocha fer der nechsht freeyore.

Awver now iss olles onishter, now missa meer doe um barick bliva, undt fer des iss es mae es ae oorsoch. Es airsht iss mer kendta ken onner blots greagha, undt en onner iss, es hut nemondt es doe ferlicht laeva date.

Undt iver oll des. Wella ich undt de Bevy ne net onishter ennich woo laeva, meer kenna kelver, undt kee, silin undt si, undt hinkle, undt welsh hinkle hovva.

Undt epmoles kenna mer eppas es so ferkauffa, undt browcha net off der WPA mer dean es mensht foon unser arovet. Epmoles missa meer en hondt dinga, fer en doch tsu fixa, utter eppas oom der shire utter house rume. De Bevy will net hova es ich noof gae oof en laedter shoonsh mecht ich rooner folla, undt se hut o's gmaendt es kendt nemondt greagha es so goot waer is ich.

Undt ich moos hut se gmaendt goot ocht nemma es ich net wae gadoo wart, shoonsh date se net wissa wos tsu doo. So moos ich oof der butta bliva, foon doe woo meer wona kenna meer de Automobiles saena ferby gae undt de Areplanes ovich unse gae, undt won meer eppas hovva wella missa meer shovva der fore, utter kauffa, utter ony doo.

Ich denk meer hens about so goot es ennich epper shoonsh, meer hen anser lepdawk nix grickt es meer net ferdeandt hen. Undt won oll de liedt so date, ich denk se oll besser op, ich wase es won ennich epper soch grickt es aer net ferdeandt moos aers greagha es eppers tsu ean gept, utter aer moos es shtaela. Well ich moos witter oof haera shriva fer den wooh, undt farrewell sawgha undt so, farrewell.

HONAS undt BEVY.

WILLIE WEARYEASY

Willie, Jr., States His Father's Plea For Inventors To Get Busy On A Skillet That Will Collapse When Thrown At Your Face

Tuff Luck Gap,
2 March, 1939.

Deare Unkel Sammy:

my Pop, he sez, seein heze too poorly fur to rite count uv his black eye, he sez i wuz to substoot fur him. heze in quite a stew fur you to git your inventers on the job uv inventin a skillet wot will stay putt wen you cooks vittles in it but wot will collopse nice an soft wen your wife throws it in your face.

we got a heavy iron wun wot my Grandpap's wife ust to fry bare stakes in back in pioneer days. it's solid iron an ways a ton. my mom she got mad and socked pop in the eye with it fur doin nothin a-toll.

you no how cold it wuz a spell back wen we had that other winter b-4 this hear last thaw. enny body will tell you it wuz too dast cold fur enny wun to be out in. soze wun nite pop sez, cole is low an it haint fitten to chop wood. wy, my hands wud friz to the ax handle. let's just crawl in bed under the kivers and stay thair till it warms agin."

well, we all goze to bed an snoozes under the kivers warm as a sheep tick b-4 thay clips the wool. it's grate stufft fur all nite and forenoon. then pop git hungry, i gits hungry, too an so duz Leafy an the rest uv us kids.

Pop he sez to mom, "Balooney, git up and make the fire an git us a snack to eat. ime plum starved."

Mom she sez, "Git up yourself. you're the won that got this brite idee to sleep thru this cold wether like a dumb ground hog. iffen you waits fur me to git up you'll be a blamed

site hungrier."

"say, you viper tongued female," sez pop, "wot did i marry you fur? i didnt let you bamboozle me into the chains uv matrimony fur you to lay in bed till dinner time becoz youse too lazy to git up and make fire.

"ever sence them Congressmen down to Washington were ketched nappin an passed a law giving wimmin right b-4 thay woke up to wot kinda fool thing thay done, wy, the wimmin folks think thay's runnin the hole push an caboodle, well, thair's no tongue waggin piece a-goin to run me."

With that, he punched his elbow inter Mom's back an shoved her clear outa bed. she sed nary a word an goes to the seller an rips a bord offen the potato bin. then she putts Pop's boots on and tares sum more bordz offen the chicken coop soze she gits enuff fuel fur to make the fire.

wen it's good an hot an the mush an side meat is a sizzling, smellin up the house with a mouth waterin fragrance, me an Pop an the kids heds fur the table. That's wen she picks up the mush pan an socks Pop in the snoot.

Pop looks like the dickens but i haint got no sympathy fur him becoz Mom waisted all that good mush on him an between the 2 uv them thay make me chop the wood. i got the chickin coop all cut up an the dubbel doors to the barn but the rest uv the barn is too tuff. Won't you pleeze send us sum wood choppin projecters?

Youres trooley,
WILLIE WEARYEASY, JR.

WILLIE WEARYEASY

Willie, Jr., Uses The Spouting Off Deacon Skinner's Tool Shed To Drain The Water From The Attic As The Rain Leaked Through The Roof

Cuckoo Valley,

Thursday March the 30th 1939.

Dear Unkel Sammy:-

i wuddent tell ennybody but you, but ime twixt the devil and the fryin pan coz i don't no witch to do: Blow my own horn and go to jale or keep my mouth shet an be a nincompoop.

You mind the big rain we had a cupply weaks back. well, it runned thru the hole in the roof in our house like the Mississippi River. it cum down on Pop's bed takin the sealing with it, an made him wet and mad like a ole hen wots settin on a door nob. the up-shot wuz that he took a tarnashun fit and made me and Mom stay on the attic with the warsh tub an kerry the water outa the winder.

that kinda thing gits good an monotonous after while, soze i trains the ole bean on the situwashun an thunks up a life saver. i goze out an takes the spoutin offen Sour Puss Deek'n Skinner's tool shed behint the barn. thinks i to myself, wotta heze wastin all that spoutin on a tool shed fur? his binder and his drill and harrers and sich don't know the differunce.

The farmers have cow parlors an 2-story houses fur their chickens soze thay don't hafter be exposed to the wether, but wen it comes to given the tools spoutin protection, it's plum crazy. Thinking wot kinda blame fool the Deekin is fur throwing good spoutin away wot i kin make use of myself, I sez, "Conscience, jist look the other way" an I takes the spoutin time the Deekin's is all huddled around the register keeping thair feet dry.

well sir, i puts my grate invenshun in oberashun an it works grand. i bores a hole in the tub an lets the wotter run thru the spout outta the attic winder of its own self without no kerrying it in buckits.

i pats myself on the back an takes the rest of the wet wether easy. It jist goze to show that you can't think of evrything even iffen you got a brane wot oughta be hung up in the Hall of Fame. about 6 ft. of that tha.r spout sticks outa the winder and the Deekin seeze it wen he passes our house.

you don't need to tell me fur a minit that deekins can't bully-rag. he acted up sumthin awful. Pop, he threatens him with the law fur illegal entry an brakin the piece and thay jaws back an forth till the sparkes fly like rockets and the langwidge thay uses wudden sound good in Sunday school.

bime-by the Deekin sez heeze a goin to the county-seat fur to git himself sum law and thay kin take it outa my h.de wile i rots in jale. the ole brindle hyena is shure to do it, too, so how about a little help. You are a mity nice ole, crazy horse. You give us money fur not workin soze we kin spend it and you keep on borrowin soze you kin skin the tax-payers fur generashuns to come. i hopes your credit will be good fur the next milliyun years fur thair are more no-workers comin on all the time. ile soon be big enuf to git on the pay roll myself. Pleeze send me sum money to pay my fine. i haint stuck on jail grub iffen it is like Pop sez.

Yores in haste,
WILLIE WEARYEASY, Jr.

WILLIE WEAR YEASY

Willie Fails In His First Attempt To Visit The World's Fair And Asks Uncle Sam's Financial Help For A Second Attempt

Screechin Bumjuns,
Deere Unkel Sammy:-

you haint heered from me fur a long time, but now that ime in sirkle-ashun again i wants to no how about you sending me a hand out of 100 berries fur to see the World's Fair with?

i see by the papers ware you is fixin to give the farmers, the soljers, sailors an marines sum more billyuns. i wanna git mine afore the till runs dry. i think mebbe i kin git thru on a 100, but iffen yure credit is still good enuff fur to stand the strane, i cud see twice as mutch fur 200.

me an Hank Setlong started out 3 weaks back in Hank's 25th handed ole Tin Lizzie wot wuz the 1st wun thay turned out at the factory, headed fur New York fur to take in the Fair. Trubble wuz we broke down fore we hits Phillydelphy. Pushin stiddy on a jalopy wot's got the heaves, ring bone, spavin an inflammation uv the jints, is hard work.

it shure give us sich a thirst that our We Don't Work pay checks run out on us unexpected. sum uv them slew feeted, rhinoceros skinned, dubbel crossin beer histin rode house men short changed us. after the 1st kaig, money all looks alike an wun us them crooks kin do you outa yure shirt and shorts evry time you throws a long green on the counter.

enwyways we brakes down an thums fur help wen my thum gits parlized, ole Hank wags hisen.

the fellers in the cars jist gives us a dirty look an steps harder on the

gas. finely we gits mad. Hank, heze wun of these hear fancy cussers wot kin tie potry and garlands of posies on his swear words they cum out of him so slick an refined.

weze tired, hungry an thirsty an haint got a nickel. things is gettin desprit wen along cums a ole coot an starts givin us lip about us makin public nuisance outta ourselfs.

i sez to Hank, "Give him the hole dictionary." Well Hank cuts loose. that shure wuz ruff an reddy lang-widge now, i asts you how cud we no heze the judge? well, that's wot he wuz, the judge hisself. Thay locks us up an we wud be thair yet only the jail warden sez as how we is sich heavy boarders, our room is better then our board.

thay kicks us out. we tride hitch hikin but thair haint no milk of kindness in the human systim no more we walked till my corns an bunyuns give me nite mare all the time. finely we hit a We Don't Work camp ware thay give us feed an raiment an bunyun cure-all an a government check an sent us on our way rejoicin.

as sun as my dogs git normal agin ile be all set fur to reseave them speshul money orders fur goin to the fair. i bean readin about all them hurly-girlies and miles uv amusements an the big We Don't Work buildin ware i kin stretch an snore after a nite out. i thinks my feets will be reddy in about 2 weaks.

Youres trooley,
WILLIE WEAR YEASY.

WILLIE WEARYEASY

**The Wearyeasy Family Ate Turkey For Christmas And
Attended A "Swell" Wedding Of One Of
The Family's Relatives**

Bone Scrap Crick,
29 Dec., 1938

Deare Unkel Sammy:-

well the outlook fur the Wearyeasies fur Christmas was purty dratted bloo, but we gits turkey jist the same. thair haint no ust tryin to beet youres trooley. it cant's be did becoz the family luck gits the gold meddle evry time.

it wuz bout time Sandy Claws looses peepul up a leetle fur i never seed sich hard harted kustomers. even Balooney, my wife, helt out on me, soze i can't git a fixing bit nur a smiggen uv credit fur to slack my thurst. Balooney started to take in warshing agin an scrubbin an sich like an wuddent give me a red cent. sed she wanted a purment an a new dress fur to ware to her Cuzzin Araminty Scruggin's darter Clementiny Filomeny's weddin, over to Hobbs Korner.

Clementiny gits herself a rich swell fur to drag to the halter so her Mom pulls off a big weddin with turkey an fixins, purments an Sunday best cloes. so we gits the lend uv Windy Jake Jammer's We Don't Work truck an us Wearyeasies goze to the weddin.

it's up to the church with wite ribbons, flours, pams an enuff stuff to show off with that wud by a feller likker fur a hole yeer. the ushers give me an Balooney the wunts over an pints us to the back seat. don't even waltz us up the ile like thay do the big bug relations. i wants to nock

thair blocks off but Balooney shushes me fur to shut my trap.

boys, o boys, them fluffy ruffly bride mades nocks my eyes out. ime snure glad i cum. then Clementiny an her dad cums in to slow musick an a ole balled hed with chin wisker goatee takes holt uv the bride's hand.

i whispers to Balooney, "How cum Granpap's up thair. i bet the groom's got cold feet."

"Hush up," sez Balooney, "that's the groom."

wen we goze back to the house an waits fur the turkey neck an ribs at the last table, i hears tell how Ball Hed has scads uv kale.

"iffen heze got enuff money, bein a ole man's darlin mitent be so worse," sez i.

"it's a heap site better then takin in washin to support a worthless young wun like sum duz wot haint nc fudder away than i kin spit on," snapped the bride's sour puss maw.

after i got the turkey bones they give me picked kleen, the bride and groom cum down stairs an made thair get-away on thair honey moon trip. evry body throwed ole shoes an rice after them. i put a dornick in the ole boot i throwed so i cud take better aim. Cripes it went clean thru the hint winder uv the car. that stirred up sich a ruckus that i cum home 2 jumps ahed uv the cornstubble. Ding bust it, i didnt even git to chuck little bright eyes brides maid under the chin.

Youres trooley,
WILLIE WEARYEASY.

Interesting Events of Seventy Years Ago

Peals of heart warming laughter rang in the Mrs. Elizabeth Acker house on East Allegheny street, Martinsburg, the other Saturday afternoon.

"My" the passer-by would have thought to himself, "how those girls are enjoying themselves."

Well, the laughing had the joyous timbre of girlishness, but they were not girls, who were giving vent to it. Insofar as age is concerned, they have left girlhood behind long years ago, but in point of reliving scenes of the past, the magic touch of memory, brought back vanished youth.

Mrs. Acker and Mrs. Hannah Stonerook, of Henrietta, were having a good, old-fashioned visit. Friends of seventy years standing, they had gone to church and school together at Beavertown. Mrs. Acker, one of William Fouse's daughters, lived on the Fouse homestead farm along Clover Creek, now the John Russell farm.

Resided In Cabins

Hannah Glass lived in the "Mountain House." That name at once calls to mind a picture of a swank summer resort. But such was not the case. It was a log cabin along the mountain, Mr. Fouse rented. All the farmers along the creek had these mountain houses. They probably harked back to the days of the pioneers. At any rate, waking up in the morning, following snowy, blustery nights, Hannah and her sister Mary, would find the snow had sifted through the chinks all over their bed and the floor of their bedroom in the loft.

That didn't mean a thing. They were hardened to it. Why, it was fun to jump out from between the warm maps and feather ticks and scamper through the skift of snow downstairs where it was good and warm.

Attended Salem Reformed

A note of seriousness crept into their voices when the ladies talked about church. They went to the Salem Reformed church at Beavertown. Not the present, handsome brick church, but the old frame one which stood across the road in the cemetery plot.

Here Reverend Theobald DeWalt Fouse preached once a month. Sundays in between, the congregation held Sunday school and prayer meeting. Thus there were services every Sunday.

Preacher Fouse was a great uncle of Lizzie. He was exemplary of the devout circuit riders, who gave themselves up sacrificially to bring the Scriptures and Christian principles of living to the rural districts. As seen through the eyes of the juvenile Lizzie and Hannah, he was every inch the picture of what one expected of his high calling. Slightly below medium height but stocky and muscular, his frock coat, medium high silk hat and velvet double breasted vest set off his serious mein.

Pastor Served Many Congregations

He told his parishioners what they needed to know, regardless of whose toes curled up. Also, he told it in either German or English. Riding horse back over the Woodcock valley Charge his preaching appointments embraced the following congregations: Marklesburg, Union, Jacob's St. Paul's and Spring Valley, across Tussey mountain in Huntingdon county, and Clover Creek, Hickory Bottom and Sharpsburg on the Blair county side of the mountain. No wonder he could preach at each place only once a month.

Following the standard pattern, the old Beavertown Reformed church was only one story high and the interior arrangement was just back-

ward to what it is today, the pulpit having been on the side by which you entered. The choir was at the opposite side of the auditorium where the pulpit is now.

Family Moves To Millerstown

Lizzie sang in the choir before she was grown up. She and Hannah Weidner also spelled each other off as organist. Hannah's parents, William Glass and Elizabeth (Betsy) Stoudnour Glass moved to the Millerstown section when she was a "pretty good chunk of a girl." Thereafter the one time inseparable school mates saw each other but seldom until Hannah, now a young woman, came to work for a time with the William Fouse family, who lived on the present Paul Furry farm.

In response to Lizzie's insistence, Hannah sang in the choir. Her alto and her brother, Frank Glass' base, were well known throughout the Cove section. Rev. Frederick Rupley, pastor at that time, chimed in. His deep, booming voice was very pleasing, except that he always dragged several beats behind the rest. The choir was well started with the next phrase before Daddy Rupley finished the last one.

School Days Recalled

So much for the church. Now, what were the reminiscences that convulsed the old ladies with laughter? The pictures flashed on memory's silver sheet were of Schoolmaster Cal Specht, who taught the three R's, readin, ritin and rithmetic, and lickin. The long switches laid on nails above the black board were as much a part of the curriculum as were the well thumbed text books. It was nothing for him to whip six boys in a row. Nor were girls exempt. Big or little they tasted the rod, too.

"Do you mind the time Cal gave us the licking?" Hannah asked Lizzie.

Then they recounted how it happened. The girls had taken a supply

of quilt patches in the capacious pockets of their skirts. While bending their heads low over their books, they proceeded to sew the patches together. The next thing they knew they were called up front and whipped severely. Just to think, nowadays they teach sewing in school.

Cal did not succeed so well with Belle and Ellen Daley. When he attempted to whip them, they broke away from him and ran for home. He dashed out after them, caught them and yanked them back. However, on taking second thought, he changed his mind about the strap oil. He knew if he whipped one of the girls, the other would tackle him and he might come out second best. Besides it would be bad medicine if Papa John Daley should decide to come to the defense of his daughters. At any rate, after Belle had told him what she thought of him, Schoolmaster Specht thought he had enough.

Daley Family Lived At Mill Dam

John Dailey and his family lived near the present Carmon Replogle home, by the Paul Furry mill dam. A heavily built man, he rode to and from town on a donkey, his feet almost touching the ground. Several of the wife's folks, the Hartles, lived with them.

There was one other time Teacher Cal met his match. As he was about to whip a boy, who was a little weak minded, Dan Glass and Sam Fouse jumped up from the back seat section where the young men sat,

"If you hit that boy, you'll hit me," they said.

Cal backed down right then and there.

Cold Walk To Beavertown School

It was a long cold walk to the Beavertown schoolhouse during the dead of winter. Especially so in the case of the Glass girls, who walked the long way from the Mountain house.

Well bundled up in their heavy woolens, with breakfast shawls on their heads and wearing the thick mittens and stockings, mother knit, and substantial cowhide high shoes, the girls, healthy and sound as a dollar, didn't mind it much.

Nevertheless they were glad to catch a ride on a sled any time they had the chance. One day Sam Fouse went home before school was out and hitched up a yoke of oxen in a sled. He had laid boards across the box in order to take all the scholars that lived in the direction of the Fouse farm.

Occupants Of Sled Bumped Off

The youngsters clambered on the sled with great glee. Then Sam whipped up the oxen, who must have felt their oats, because they galloped rough shod over the ruts and breakers, until all the "kids" were bumped off. The only way Sam himself hung on was by straddling the stanchion.

My, that was fun. But not quite as funny as the time the Fouse and the Glass children stopped to skate on the dam down at John Daley's. Well they knew they should go straight to school but the temptation to slide on their shoe soles on the clear, smooth ice was too hard to resist. They had a great time. Then Lizzie's older sister, Margaret, (Mrs. Joe Detwiler) fell.

She was carrying the dinner basket. She landed with such a bounce that the eatables were thrown out of the basket pell mell. The pieces of cherry pie seemed to want to skate, too, because they slid away so far it was quite a task for Margaret to gather them up. She was the only one who didn't think the mishap was funny. The rest laughed until their sides were sore.

"Is it a farmer or a dish washer?" wondered William Fouse that autumn day, September 16, 1860, when his eighth child was born.

"It's a girl," he was told. A healthy, chubby baby with the Fouse curly hair and every other indication of the good looks which later developed. Mr. Fouse could have used another boy on the farm but he thought none the less of the new baby because she happened to be a girl.

The baby was christened Elizabeth but from the very first, she was Lizzie to the rest of the family. If a name means anything she might just as well have been Bill or DeWalt, because as soon as she was big enough and strong enough, she worked in the fields as well as any man.

Helped With Harvest Work

At harvest time, she followed the cradler and bound the sheaves as slick as any of the other hands. It's a long time since she knotted the strands of grain which bound the sheaves. She wonders now whether she has lost the trick of it.

It required a quick turn of the wrists and manipulation of the fingers, not every one could master. The knot had to be secure and no butter fingered slowness was allowed because a good binder stayed close to the heels of the reaper.

Lizzie could pitch the sheaves on the wagon or mow as well as her brothers. When the grain was threshed by the old circular horse power machine, she took her place without being told. She knew she was to fork the straw away from the chute.

Was Good Corn Husker

In the fall of the year, when the "frost was on the punkin and the fodder was in the shock," she had another piece of work ready to hand. She was a good corn husker. Shucking, they called it out west. No champion, she says, but she could make a hand at it.

After she was married and her sons were big enough to work, they used to say they liked to have Mom pick the ears in the baskets when they hauled the corn out of the field.

She could fill the basket so rapidly that all they had to do was empty it.

You would expect all this laborious manual work would have bent and gnarled our sprightly old lady. Made her old before her time. But such is not the case. She is troubled somewhat with rheumatism but she is straight as a die, quite stately looking in fact. Unless you look at her hands she bears no outward evidence of the hard work which was her lot, and indeed, her pleasure.

Fouses Are Of German Descent

The Fouses are a hardy race. According to the Fouse family history, a copy of which Mrs. Acker showed the By-gone Days reporter, the American branch of the family tree, stemmed from Theobald Fouse, born in 1725 or thereabouts in Rheinville, Rheinfeltz, Bavaria, Germany. His son Nicholas emigrated to Sharpsburg, Maryland, in 1774, where he followed the trade of blacksmithing. Realizing the status of his descendants in the Cove, we are safe in assuming that he was the prototype of the village blacksmith described in Longfellow's poem.

By the ability to push hard work out of their way, which is characteristic of the Fouse family, they became people of means. Wherever they live, they promote the welfare of the community by their industriousness, self-respect and support of the church.

The world has gone a long ways since Lizzie Acker was young. She says if the old-timers were to come back, they would not want to stay here. There have been too many changes from the old-fashioned simplicity of their lives. The home and the church and helpfulness to the unfortunate filled their thoughts and busied their hands.

Present Day Living Complicated

The present fever to be anywhere else than at home, the constant rush after amusement and the tendency to

regard work as a penalty, wished on people, whose means are too meager to escape it, are beyond Mrs. Acker's understanding. The modern way of living is too complicated and the idea of buying a good time with a ticket to this or that doesn't make sense to her.

One of her greatest pleasures in life was doing her work the best way she knew how. A good job well done was its own reward. At school she liked to play ball. The girls played with the boys, swinging the old hickory bat or catching the ball nearly as well as the boys.

During leisure times at home she went fishing. Sat on the bridge down by the barn and cast her line into the creek. Baiting the hook never gave her a shiver. In no time at all, she would draw out a mess of suckers. The creek teemed with fish and at certain seasons of the year, big fat eels wiggled into the fish basket the boys kept in the stream.

Enjoyed Railroad Trip

One of the chief events of her girlhood was a trip by train from the Mines to Hollidaysburg. She and Hannah Glass walked over the road through the barrens, boarded the train at Mines, rode to Williamsburg and there changed cars to complete the momentous journey to Hollidaysburg.

One of the most startling changes noted by Mrs. Acker is in the matter of women's dress. The descent from the multitudinous yards of materials in which the girls of her day were swathed to the near nakedness prevailing in these times is curious, to say the least.

With more clothes than girls ever hoped to have in by-gone days, why Miss America chooses to wear shorts or half a yard of bathing suit while walking or rushing around in cars is one of those modern innovations that would make the old Fouse and

Acker grandmothers surely turn in their graves.

When Lizzie and Hannah were young, children were taught to take care of their clothes. A rip or a tear brought parental reprimand down on juvenile heads. Hannah's story of the yellow bonnet is an illustration.

Depending from one of the gigantic Chestnut trees that lined the lane leading to the mountain house, was a swing. Ah! There was pleasure for little girls. One day, while on an errand for mother, Hannah stopped to have a swing with Lizzie.

She knew she was disobeying instructions but she couldn't resist. So she took off her Sunday-go-to-meeting little yellow sun bonnet and laid it carefully at the base of the chestnut tree. While the girls were swinging up so high that they touched the branches of the tree, along came a drove of hogs. One of the animals took the bonnet in his mouth before the girls could stop the swing.

Bonnet Was Source Of Worry.

O, dear me, the bonnet was dirty and the hog had snagged it with its teeth. Very dejectedly Hannah went home. Afraid to tell mother, she put the head gear back in its place in the lower bureau drawer where mother's best bonnet and brother's Sunday cap were kept.

Eventually Hannah's conscience hurt her so that she broke the news of this minor tragedy to mother on wash day. Sister Mary changed the gathers in the crown so that the mended place wouldn't show, thus restoring Hannah's peace of mind.

Shank's mare was the popular mode of travel. Looking back from the ease of this automotive era, the long walks the young folks took in the old days are almost beyond belief. O, yes, the boys and girls will take hikes in the name of athletics or for the novelty of it, but they

don't walk when they go places.

Walking Was A Necessity

However, walking was a necessity when Lizzie and Hannah were young, regarded not at all as a hardship. They walked for miles. Singly or in groups a walk of five miles to singing school or church was nothing at all. Nobody complained of becoming tired. There was none of the stiff-kneed stride the city chaps used. Well shod in cowhide boots and shoes, the young folks had an easy gait that accommodated itself to the unevenness of rough highways and byways.

There were a number of Fouse farms along Clover Creek, but not as many as belonged to the Ackers. All told, there were seven Acker farms. When Lizzie Fouse and Martin Acker were married, October 6, 1887, by Reverend Ephraim Dutt, it was quite natural for them to begin housekeeping on one of the Acker farms.

They moved to the bridegroom's home. Later Grandfather John S. Acker divided his farm into two tracts, erecting buildings on the part that was taken from the homestead piece. Martin Acker bought it and he and his wife lived there until they moved to Martinsburg some sixteen or seventeen years ago. Their son Roy lives on this farm now.

Mr. and Mrs. Acker transferred their habit of working hard to the home they made for themselves. Busy and happy, they hadn't time or desire to devote to amusements. Mrs. Acker says the Henrietta picnic was the great social event of the year. Following the preparation of a big basket picnic dinner, the family would drive to the picnic grove, with the expectation of meeting countless friends. Entertaining guests always has been a pleasure to her. Meeting folks on the scale made possible by the picnic was a manifold source of enjoyment.

Husband And Sons Died In Oct.

October is a sad month in her life. Two of her sons, John A., and Marvin, died of the flu in October, 1918, and Mr. Acker died October 14, 1935. Both the young men were married. John to Mary Olive Rhule and Marvin to Grace Sparr. An infant son, Harry Earl, died Sept. 14, 1898. He would have been a year old if he had lived until October 2.

The surviving children are William Preston, Roy El'mer and Mrs. Clara Ferne Huntsman. William is married to Anna Fisher; Roy's wife was Ruth Kensinger and Clara Ferne is Enoch Huntsman's wife. The two boys have purchased their father's farms and Mrs. Huntsman lives on East Allegheny street, Martinsburg, near the home of her mother.

Mrs. Acker's brothers and sisters are all dead but Mrs. Margaret Detwiler of Beavertown, Sam Fouse of Fredericksburg, and William Fouse of Saxton. Those deceased are Susan, (Mrs. Henry C. Rhodes); Mary Agnes, (died in childhood); Reuben, George (died in childhood); Calvin, Jane and Ellen.

Mrs. Acker lives alone. As of old, she likes nothing better than to have her friends come to see her. Not a day goes by that she wants for company. Able to do her own work, she manages her house with old-time skill. The years have been kind to her. Her strict adherence to the line of duty certainly has lightened the burdens along the straight highway of life.

BECAME WEAVER IN EARLY LIFE

The big boys of the Hickory Bottom school discussed the challenge from the Curryville town ball team with misgiving. The challengers were unbeatable. It was almost a foregone conclusion they would win again.

In those days, well over a half century ago, it was customary for the ball players of the different schools in Morrisons Cove to hold inter school games for the local championship. The team that issued the challenge generally went by shank's mare to the other school.

The husky rail splitters composing the Curryville team, Pete Clapper, Dave and Sam Frederick, Jake, Harry and Sam Leidy, Bill and Cyrus Snyder, Frank and Eph Shuman and others, most of whom have gone to their reward, could swat the gum ball a mighty wallop. They could run, too. But none of the others could run as fast as Frank Shuman.

Received Speed Award

When he was a little chap in

school, his teacher, jovial, big hearted John Stoudnour, gave him an award of a picture card with a deer on it in recognition of the lad's speed. Frank could bat almost as well, in spite of his light build.

In the game with Hickory Bottom that day, he swatted the "gummie" so hard the outfielders couldn't find it. One of the Haffly boys found it some time later and restored it to the Curry team. Frank should have kept it for a souvenir but it never occurred to him.

A good town ball player had need of speed. By the rules of the game, a runner was "out" if the opposing team succeeded in crossing him with the ball. That is to say, if the ball was thrown between him and the home plate.

Inherited Natural Ability

Frank came by his high geared speed naturally. He inherited it from his mother. He was the son of Henry and Louisa (Smaltz) Shoeman. Mrs.

Shoeman never walked but ran. A mother of ten children had to step lively, but her inexhaustible nervous energy drove her on at high speed.

The Shoeman, or Shuman, family lived on the hill a mile east of Curryville, now the home of Mrs. Ray Honsaker. Frank Shuman, who celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday anniversary, September 16, 1939, clearly remembers that an unbroken stretch of woodland reached all the way from their little farm to Martinsburg. He and his mother used to follow a path through the woods to Martinsburg to take the eggs to Dilling's or Fred Keagy's store. She walked so fast, Frank could scarcely keep up with her.

Native of Germany

Mrs. Shuman was born in Germany. She was eight or nine years old when she immigrated with her family to America. Indentured as a servant to relatives in Philadelphia, she ran off, penniless and able to speak only a few words of English, to join her parents at Martinsburg. By pure pluck, she succeeded in boarding a canal boat, and, aided by the sympathetic interest of her fellow travelers, she actually reached her destination.

The ruthless cutting down of the trees practiced by the farmers in clearing the land, never ceased to excite her wonder. She used to say that the forests in Germany, whether owned by private individuals or the state, were almost sacred.

Cutting Trees Was Prohibited

Poor peasants, no matter how urgent their need of fuel, would not have dared to put an ax to a tree. They searched for sticks, chips and wind falls on the sly. Mrs. Shuman used to say when she went to the woods to gather up her apron full of chips, she ran home as fast as she could for fear of being arrested.

Immediately east of the Shuman

house in Dave Shriner's woods, now a field on the A. B. Miller farm, was a pond. Frank's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Smaltz, lived across the road from the pond. They built the house, now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Crist Roudabush.

This pond was the watering place for everybody's cows for miles around. Larry Matthews, John Zook, Simon Snyder, John Frederick, Daniel and Samuel Leidy, all drove their cattle to the pond. Why they did not dig wells of their own is hard to understand. Surely it would have been less laborious than to drive the livestock a mile or two every day.

Water In Pond Disappeared

No spring or stream fed the pond. It was created solely by surface water. One Sunday the people in the community, who were returning home from the Diehl Cross Roads Church of the Brethren, stopped by the pond in amazement. It was dry. During the time they were in church the water had disappeared. A hole the size of a wagon wheel had breached the bottom.

What had happened? Some of the spectators, who had been brought up on bed time stories of spooks and hexerei, were half suspicious of black magic. The others explained it was a sink hole, caused by the breaking in of the roof of a lime stone cavern, which underlay the Cove so plentifully.

Grandmother Smaltz used to tell Frank the story of the disappearance of the pond. It was bad news for the farmers because now they were obliged to dig wells. Frank was sorry, too. He used to swim in it summer time and skated on it in the winter. It furnished one of the few recreations of his childhood.

Isaac Hoover was one farmer, who had no water problem on his hands. His well was unfailing. Besides, a sizable brook meandered through

the meadow east of the house. This stream has dwindled to a mere trickle, going entirely dry in summer.

Being hand dug and walled with stone, debris occasionally was washed in to the well by surface water. Deciding to have it cleaned, Mr. Hoover sent out word to the neighbors to come and help pump the well dry.

The pump was the standard type in current use, cased four square in wood and fitted with an iron handle. Working the handle up and down was pretty monotonous, apart from its tendency to produce lumbago.

Depended On Neighbor's Help

The men of the community responded with the good will that characterized the Cove from pioneer days when the very existence of the settlers depended upon the help they could give one another in fighting nature in the raw.

It was a big party, attended by sociability, fun and good eats. Well, the men started to rattle the old pump handle. They pumped all day. The water from the well formed what the men called a young "crick."

It flowed down the hill and flooded the stream in the meadow.

Eventually, they gave it up as a bad job, convinced it would be impossible to pump the well dry. Then they recounted the story of how the well was found.

The farmer followed the usual custom of employing the services of a water smeller. The man he got did not use a forked peach twig. Nearly all the water finders did, but this itinerant wizard used a crystal ball or maybe it was a spy glass, as Mr. Shuman called it.

Adept In Locating Water

At any rate it was a piece of glass that he carried in his hat. Peering through the glass, he told Mr. Burget that if he dug at the spot indicated he would tap a stream so pow-

erful that the well never could be pumped dry. Oh, yes, he explained they undoubtedly would find water at the spot they had tentatively selected down by the barn but the stream there was very much weaker.

The skill of the water smeller was well vindicated by the results of the pumping party. Ideas began to be exchanged about something else he had said. It was recalled that he had declared:

"The hill across the meadow is the richest in the whole Cove."

What did he mean by this cryptic remark? Silver? Gold? Surely not iron. Iron was so common, most of the farmers had dug holes at likely places here and there on their farms, but the ore banks at Henrietta had a monopoly of the market. Most of them thought farming would pay better in the long run.

Mystery Remains Unsolved

No one ever prospected the hill for mineral wealth so its mystery, if there really is one, remains unsolved. Jesse Hoover, the present owner of the farm, is the fifth counting by generations, to hold title to the land. His great-grandfather, Isaac Burget, had got possession, either by purchase or inheritance from his father. The unbroken chain of family ownership thus goes back into colonial history.

Unfortunately time has dimmed what must have been an heroic story of the struggle to oust the Indians from their erstwhile hunting grounds. Jerry Hoover used to tell about three Indian graves that evidenced the determination of the savages to drive off his forefathers from this land.

As the old-timers handed down the saga, it went something like this. The Burget settlers, members of the Dunker sect, disavowed the shedding of blood. However, in this instance, they defended themselves to the death. A raiding party of seven Indians attacked the cabin of the whites, shoot-

ing at door and windows and throw fire brands to set fire to the roof.

Defense Against Indians

The Burget men, skilled hunters, shot three of the Indians, two of whom fell dead instantly. His leg shot off, the third made a futile effort to escape until a well aimed bullet put him out of misery. Cowed by the marksmanship of the defenders, the Indians ran off into the forest so hastily that they made no effort to take the bodies of their fallen comrades with them.

Abandoning the dead to the mercy of the whites was contrary to the religion of the red men. The fact that the survivors left their dead, is proof of the fear the Burget's bullets threw into the savages. The victors buried the bodies. While Mr. Shuman does not know positively, it is reasonably certain that the graves of the Indians are in the woods on the Samuel Wisler farm, adjacent to the Hoover place.

At any rate, Mr. Shuman has often seen the Indian graves on the Wisler farm. A few years ago, a man, whether a private individual or a state department representative, he did not know, asked permission of Mr. Wisler to excavate the site of the graves in order to recover, if possible, bones and relics. As Mr. Wisler refused to have the resting place of the dead disturbed, the stranger departed without attempting the project.

Mr. Shuman asserts there are other Indian graves in this section of the Cove. He frequently heard it said in his youth that Indians were buried in Lloyd McGraw's barn yard. How they came there, he does not know.

Henrietta Inhabited Early

Land titles and the many family burial plots testify to the early occupancy of the Henrietta district by the whites. Mr. Shuman from his front porch can point out graveyards. The Herald reporter, born and raised

in the neighborhood, never even heard of. One lies at the foot of the mountain. Since the name Metzger is carved on a number of native tomb stones, it is taken for granted the plot was laid out for people of this name but at a time so long ago that it is beyond the reckoning of the living.

"There are many old graveyards," said Mr. Shuman. "There was a man here the other week who said the cemetery west of my house on the Lloyd McGraw farm, is the oldest of them all. That's the Puderbaugh burial ground. A tomb stone of Jacob Puderbaugh has the date of birth 1759.

"In my own time, as I told you, the farms around Curryville were only partly cleared. The children older than me went to school over the road that ran past the oak tree that stands between what was our field and Christ Brown's farm, now Lee Hoover's place, and on to the schoolhouse along Isaac Latshaw's place. That was nearly all woods.

Father Born Near Curryville

"Why, I helped grub Christ Brown's bottom land and Pap and I split rails for Dave Shriner on the place where you live. My father was born in the woods north of Curryville on the Bill Layman, now the Bumgardner farm. Granny Shuman's first husband was a man by the name of Frederick. He was killed by the wolves. He went on a trip or errand and never was seen again. There is a lot of history around here but nobody wrote it down and now it's gone.

"You asked me how I spell my name. They used to spell it Shoeman but that's not right. A shoe is what you wear. It should be spelled Shuman.

"I'll have to tell you a joke about John Snowberger, your father. I went to school to the old schoolhouse at Curryville. It had long benches set

lengthwise of the room. My first teacher was Lizzie Carper. She was a nice teacher but she had to quit. The big boys were too much for her. John Stoudnour finished the term. I liked him but a man by the name of Moxley, who taught next, was mean. The scholars didn't like him.

Punishment Was Strenuous

"He tried to punish John Snowberger. He was pretty well grown. When Mr. Moxley took hold of John to yank him up front, John took hold of the long bench he had been sitting on. The teacher pulled at John with all his might. John held on to the bench so tight that between them they pulled the bench with the scholars on it like wild. Moxley finally let loose and John walked out. All the time they were scuffling around, Wesley, John's brother, took no account but kept on writing at his desk.

"I guess schools were pretty backward to what they are now. Children went to school on their own feet. We had no buses or fol-de-rols, but I bet we could beat them spelling, figgering and playing ball. They're crowding too much foolishness in education.

"Oh, yes, it was a little rough and tumble. Where so many big boys were together, fights broke out now and then. I only got in a fight once. A big fellow picked on my brother Ephraim. He was too little to defend himself, so I took up for him. Gave the other chap a pair of black eyes, too.

"When Ephraim got a little older, he was as spunky as they make them. He paid no attention to size even if the other fellow was twice as big. I mind one time a big boy tackled him and Ephraim jumped up on the ash pile so he could reach the other one's face and flailed his fists with all his might. The rest of the boys laughed until their sides ached."

Henry Shuman was a shoe and bootmaker. During slack times after

the fall and winter orders had been filled, he did day's work. His son Frank remembers that it was nothing extraordinary for his father to split a hundred fence rails in a day. He had what the farmers called a sleight at it. The Shuman men were handy, able to do any kind of work.

As the boys grew up the question of a choice of livelihood arose. While any of them could do a good turn at cobbling, none of the sons was inclined to adopt their father's trade. John, the eldest, preferred farming. He answered the lure of free lands in the west by emigrating to Iowa, where he continued to reside until his death a few years ago.

Charles, frail and ailing, the object of his mother's tender devotion, was not faced with the necessity to choose his calling. He died in boyhood. Ephraim decided on carpentry. Albert, too, became a farmer. That left Frank, who always helped father. Frank said he would be a weaver.

Apprenticed To Weaver

Acting on this decision, he apprenticed himself to Billy Distler, of Martinsburg. Billy, a jovial German, agreed to take young Frank into his home, giving him bed and board and a minimum of pocket money in return for the help the apprentice could give while he was learning.

At the end of five months Frank had graduated as a carpet and rug weaver. Under the master weaver's instruction he had worked on cover-lids but when he set up shop for himself, he confined himself exclusively to carpet and rug weaving.

His launching into business was very simple. Securing a second hand loom from Kensingers, who had worked up an extensive trade in the Henrietta district, he was given a room in the old house. Having built a new house alongside the original log pebble-dash house, the Shuman family moved into it. This convenient arrangement left ample space in

the old house for weaving, shoemaking or any other handicraft the busy Shumen men worked at.

Were All Energetic People

There was not a lazy fibre in any of them. They were geared by nature to activity. On the other hand, their energetic mother would not have countenanced idleness. Anyone around her "stirred their stumps," as the old-timers used to say.

That first loom was a pretty primitive affair. It was sitting work all right, but if any amateur got the idea in his head that it was a lazy man's job, all that was necessary to disabuse him of that conception was to have him try to tramp the treadle.

In that event, he would look at Frank and ask where a fellow of such slight build got the foot pressure. Although here and there, a woman like Mrs. Esther Kensinger Wineland, could tramp a loom, it was work for a strong man.

Weaving Business Increased

Orders came in with a volume that kept Frank busy fifteen hours a day. In fact, it wasn't long until he got a new, improved loom when he taught his father and Eph to weave. After dark, Frank lit a candle and set it in a niche in the web beam. There was a candle niche on the other side, too, but Frank used only one candle to off-set the shadows cast by the oil lamps set on brackets at the wall.

Thump, swing, thump, swing! All day long, with his foot tramping the treadle and his arm swinging the shuttle Frank sat at his loom. In order to get a day's wages he had to weave eight or ten yards. He always liked to receive orders for long pieces. Because by no means the least part of weaving consisted in tying the warp. The warp threads extended the full length of the piece from end to end.

Customers Supplied Material

Mr. Shuman says it was nothing

unusual for him to tie carpet chain in a warp forty yards long. He bought the chain either at Bechoffer's at Woodbury, or Dilling's in Martinsburg. The women for whom he wove brought the rags, sewn in strands and rolled in balls. If an extra fine job was insisted on, the rags had been suitably dyed.

Mavbe the gossips in the neighborhood had discussed it over the back fence but unless formal announcement had been made of a girl's engagement, her forthcoming marriage was taken for granted when she took a batch of carpet rags to Frank Shuman.

He does not know how many yards he wove. It would run up into the thousands. There doubtless are a good many yards still, "sticking around the Cove," as one of his former customers stated.

Trade Extended to the West

His trade extended far beyond the Cove. Cove natives out west wanted Frank's carefully woven product. He has forgotten how many times he shipped carpets from Curry station, billed for Iowa, Kansas, Illinois and other states of the middle west.

His wage was thirteen cents a yard. As forty yards was the average output for a week, working from "sun-up to sundown," as he described it, it is easily seen that carpet weaving was no "get rich quick" scheme.

"Goodness me," exclaimed the reporter, "that surely was poor pay."

"Yes," answered Mr. Shuman, "but I made a living. There was an advantage, too. I always was in the dry. The war put me out of the business. During the war, they sold factory carpet for seventy-five cents a yard.

Factory Weaving Introduced

Why, that was less than the yarn cost me. I had to quit. I wove a last piece for our home here, then I put the loom away. There are a few pieces of it scattered around. The

beams were used in the frame of the porch steps.

"I can still feel the motions of arms and feet. It would be as natural as anything for me to sit and weave but I haven't the strength. I mind so well how I tramped the treadle, threw the shuttle and worked the heddles up and down. But that's over. The machine has taken the place of hand weaving but I know that factory carpet won't wear as good."

There spoke pride in good workmanship! The old copy book maxim, "Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well" was more than an example in penmanship to Mr. Shuman. It has been the guiding principle of his life.

Laughs At Spooks

"Spooks?" laughed Mr. Shuman, "No, I never saw any. I will say that people with strong imaginations believe they saw spooks. If you stand your ground, there usually is an explanation for things that seem out of the ordinary.

"The Clapper and Frederick boys were always talking about spooks. I don't know whether they actually believed they saw things like that or whether they were trying to stir up a little excitement. One night when I was coming home from singing, walking through Clapper's field, three white things rose up from the ground. I thought 'Spooks' but I stood my ground and I saw they were sheep. I had disturbed their rest. Now, if I would have run, I would have been certain they were spooks."

Frank Shuman helped dig Lizzie Leidy's grave in the Diehl Cross Roads cemetery. The child died January 10, 1874. Diphtheria was bad that winter. The dreaded disease had broken out in the Daniel Leidy family and claimed a couple of children as victims of its virulence.

From that time on the people in

the community took it for granted that Frank or his father would dig the graves in that cemetery. No remuneration was offered or expected. Neighborhood folks relied on the unfailing kindness and sympathy of the Shumans, which prompted the ever ready helping hand in times of trouble.

"Let George do it," the modern phrase which signifies passing the buck, had its counterpart in the thought of the Cross Roads congregation, "Frank Shuman will do it."

Began Long Service

In the fall of 1882 Frank unlocked the church door and swept and dusted the meeting house in preparation for the funeral of John Snowberger. John, tall and ruddy faced, apparently in the best of health, had contracted consumption. Following a short illness, the word came that he was dead.

Frank, thinking of his close friendship with the young man, grieved that his life had been cut down in the flower of his manhood. He also was moved by the distress of the widow, left with an infant daughter. Therefore, without suggestion from anyone, he tidied the church, making it as neat as he could for the funeral service.

That act of kindness started Frank on a career of service. A half century of selfless devotion rarely matched in the history of the church. Thereafter, until age and feebleness forced him to hand the charge to his wife and sons, he performed the duties of caretaker of the Cross Roads Church of the Brethren.

"Yes," said Mr. Shuman, "I started in the old church. It faced east just like the present building. Later it was remodeled and two doors were cut on the north side, changing the entrance. The first stoves I fired were made in the Snowberger foundry in Martinsburg. It took a lot of fuel to heat the church but when

those old stoves got hot, they got red hot.

Farmers Supplied Fuel

"The farmers hauled wood and coal to the church. The wood was just like they got it from the woods, long poles and chuckles. Before I could use it, I had to chop and split it. Most of the time, they forgot to provide kindling. I mind one time, I broke off bark from Isaac Hoover's fence to start the fire.

"Of course, long ago, we had preaching only once every four weeks. Sunday school was held only during warm weather so there wasn't much fire making except during evangelistic meetings. We always had them in the winter."

The present reporter recalled, with a trace of amusement, the announcements made by Reverend John Replogle and contemporary ministers, when she was a child:

"There will be preaching at the Fredericksburg house next Sunday morning. At the Woodbury house in two weeks. At Holsinger's in three weeks and in four weeks here again in this place."

Answered Call To Ministry

Ah, yes! Memory brings back those farmers, who answered the call to preach. Jacob Brown, John Replogle, James Brumbaugh, Andrew Burget, John B. Miller, earnest, sincere men, who labored in the spiritual vineyard without stint and without price.

Maybe, in some instances, neither grammar nor eloquence marked their messages, but none questioned their faith or their desire to combat the forces of evil in the world. As time goes on, a proper perspective of the good done by these voluntary, unpaid preachers, will enshrine their memories.

Those were the days when a good strong voice and a powerful fist were considered the best qualifications for a preacher. Pounding on

the desk and hell fire were the standbys of visiting evangelists. The local ministers kept their flocks in line by holding up the inevitable retribution that followed card playing, dancing and other transgressions incident to social life.

Received Compensation

Eventually the officials of the congregation decided that compensation was due to Frank Shuman for his faithful care of the church and grave yard. Therefore they voted him a salary of one dollar a year. After the Woodbury congregation "tore loose" from the Clover Creek, the mother congregation, each congregation paid him a dollar. This promoted him from a dollar a year man to two dollars. At long intervals, this sum was gradually increased to five, ten and finally fifteen dollars.

Following the installation of the furnace, he was awarded twenty-five dollars. Later he received a maximum of fifty dollars. On attaining his seventieth birthday anniversary, seven years ago, he announced his retirement. Even so, the habit of a lifetime, coupled with his unfailing zeal for the church, impels him to still do his bit.

Succeeded By Sons

His sons, George and Lester, have succeeded him as janitor and sexton. Last summer, it was a familiar sight to see Mr. Shuman stagger to the church, in the company of his wife, to try as best he could to clip the grass in the cemetery. It still is, as it always has been, a labor of love.

Perhaps as an after effect of treading the loom for so many years, Mr. Shuman's legs, as he describes it, give out." He sways as he walks. It is only by supreme effort that he can go to the church to perform such tasks for which he is able.

Another service Mr. Shuman rendered when called upon was to lead the singing. Since he could first hum a tune, music has been a passion.

From the age parental sanction permitted him to go out nights, he went to every singing school for miles around.

Henrietta, Millerstown, Woodbury, Snyder's Cross Roads, Hickory Bottom, whether with a group or by himself. Frank Shuman was among those present. No point within a radius of five miles was too far for him to walk to get his grounding in the do, ri. mi's. and other fundamentals.

Filled Many Church Offices

Never strong, his voice, nevertheless, was true in pitch and pleasing in tone. Taking all these things into consideration, Mr. Shuman has filled virtually every office at the Cross Roads Church except preach. He never tried that. Nor did he work for the applause of men. In that event his reward would have been slow in coming. His inner compulsion to humbly offer his all, found its own reward.

There were few times, back in the old-fashioned winters of deep snows, that Mr. Shuman missed opening the church and starting the fire. If any one else could get through, he could. The present reporter remembers one particularly bad night. Storm and sleet raged with such violence that it was not fit for human or beast to be out-of-doors.

Evangelistic meetings were in progress. It was a question whether Mr. Shuman could weather the storm. However, he was at the church as usual. The writer's brother, David S. Miller, then a lad of thirteen or fourteen, against his parents' urgings, had preferred coasting to going to the evening services. The crowds were so large, he declared, that he wouldn't be missed.

On this particular evening, he announced his intention of going to meeting and taking a front seat to impress the minister with his regular attendance. The latter complimented the boy so eloquently on his

faithfulness that he went every evening thereafter for shame sake.

In his earlier years, Mr. Shuman hunted over Tussey mountain. Successful at shooting small game, he never made a specialty of hunting deer or bear. He remembers when great flocks of wild pigeons, flying so closely together as to cast a deep shadow on the earth, flew across the Cove from mountain to mountain. He sometimes slipped up behind them after they had congregated on the trees to roost, catching them for fun, but he did not consider them sufficiently "good eating" to make a practice of hunting them.

From his hill-top home he can see one of the most beautiful views in Pennsylvania. A panorama of gently rolling fields, mellowed by years of intensive cultivation. Farm houses, large barns, village homes, all bear the tempered mark of long habitation.

"You wouldn't think," said Mr. Shuman, "that I helped clear off the forest from some of those farms. Picked off wagon loads of stones, too, and hauled them to sink holes in Larry Matthews' woods. You'd hardly believe me when I tell you I can remember when Joe Clapper burned charcoal on hearths in Lee Hoover's field. Isaac Latshaw hauled it to Rebecca Furnace. That seems like ancient history."

From the perspective of our present electrical and machine age, one must agree that it is a fairly primitive scene. Mr. Shuman can reconstruct from memory. Progress has advanced at lightning speed in this great country.

Mr. Shuman and Miss Ida Rightnour were married December 28, 1903. They have four children living. They are Mrs. Ruth Stitt, of Altoona, Mrs. Earl Creps, residing near Martinsburg, Lester and George, at home. David and Elizabeth are deceased.

WILLIE WEARYEASY

**Willie Is Very Indignant Over The Fact That All Folks
On Relief Must Be Given Employment To
Earn Their Living**

Saphead Run,
2nd Nov., 1939

Deare Unkel Sammy:

This hear 2nd child nuttiness wot you bean havin this summer is git-tin us No Workers down. wotta you mean fixing it soze we gotta work for our keep? wy, you no how them goofs like ole Deekin Skinner wot's got work on the brane, is a hollerin about a surplus of unemployment.

Iffen them that can't be happy without exercising thair ole carcasses complane that work is skeerce wot fur do you want us that haint got the work malady in our sistems, start swettin. it's agin nature.

you no peepul is born with diffunt talents. thair's them that's born to work and them as is born retired. wot they needs is a good fat penshun to be payed them from the day thay's borned, every man shud be payed according to thair gifts. them with a gift to set shud be give chairs and them that's borned active shud be let to work day in and day out; that-away all is satisfied.

ding bust it, evry time i picks up a nues paper, it's down in black and wite over the hole dasted paper as how thair is a surplus of weet, an a surplus of milk an a surplus of evry thing you puts in your mouth. now, if us No Workers wuzzent all the time fussed up with this sword of work that's a-hangin over our defenceless heds and reddy to fall at the drop of a hat, wy we cud eat a lotta more free eats. we cud chaw our way thru them surplusses in no

time. that's nother thing we is born-ed fur. Fur to eat free meals.

wot's left after we has et cud be brewed inter liquid refreshment. i hears as how the breweries cud put in a little over-time.

whoever got that krazy kracked theery that we must work to eat ,otta be give a nice new suit of tar and feathers an rid on a rale except we mite over exert our selfs iffен we wuz to treet him to the ride. enny how he shud be took fur a buggy ride.

thairs no use rackin your brane about them eats surpluses, specially iffен it's sumthin that sticks to the ribs. them wind puddens an sich as that you can't feel like nothin inside you after you have et, nobuddy wouldent no iffен thay wuz a surplus or not, but hams, now, er stakes er sassidges, that's ware us No Workers kin be a big help. boys, o boy! i kin eat a skillet full at wun set.

me an the boys air makin out to have a little moonlite corn roast cum Saterday nite. you don't needa worry about beer. we throwed together an got haffa duzzent kaigs. corn's handy an we got plenty of chickens. Hank kin make a noise like a sleepy ole hen wot's got pleasant dreams. He kin sneak 'em off the roost slick as a whistle without no noise a-tal. to make the picnick a success, send us prepayed 3-4 hams. we likes lots of meat to make the corn slide down easy.

Youres trooley,
WILLIE WEARYEASY.

“FARREWELL”

It was with the above word, Pennsylvania Dutch for farewell or good-bye, that Daniel F. Bassler of Woodbury, writer of the “Honas undt Bevy” column of The Herald, ended this week’s contribution just a short time before he was stricken with fatal illness.

Mr. Bassler’s letter reached The Herald office on Tuesday, the day before his death. He had written his last article over the week-end. When he appended “Farwell” to the article did he then have a premonition that it might be his last? No one knows.

“Uncle Dan” as he was affectionately known about The Herald plant, has been writing the Pennsylvania Dutch articles for this newspaper for many years. He was a brother of M. Z. Bassler, who for many years had been editor of The Herald. He was the uncle of Miss Ada G. Bassler, who for over thirty years has been an employee of the newspaper.

The articles written in the language that in former years was spoken in most every home in the Cove, in the kindly, interesting and half-humorous expression of which Mr. Bassler was a master brought great delight to The Herald’s older readers, and served to bring down to the younger generation something of the olden days.

So it is with a sense of a heavy loss that The Herald this week in another column chronicles the death of one of its contributors and good friends in the person of Daniel F. Bassler, and at the same time announces that one of its best features, “Honas undt Bevy” must be discontinued with the publication of the article which he had written just a short while before death stilled his hand.

Honas undt Bevy

Yets iss es shoon bol shpoedtyore, de nochta waera ferhoftich ortlich feel keeler. Well luse es koomma, so gates eva yore nuch der yore. Ich undt d Bevy hen oonser misht nose gfawra, ich hops net oll rume gshmissa, meer wella en saidte nose doo den shpoedtyore, meer hen ortlich epple des mole, undt greagha en wish pashing und blowma, ich dnk doe dume greagha es monsht foon de liedt blendty foon olles es se browcha deen tsu laeva den windter.

Undt de Bevy maintdt es won ennich epper doe rume net ganoonk hen, utter net blendty rishta kenna fer durich der windter, won meer ennich liedt hen so we sel, iss es era agena shoooldt, de bowera hen blendty tsu essa undt tsu ferkauffa.

Ich undt de Bevy hen oonser waitsa ferkauft letsht wooth, meer hen finf-a-sextisch cendt gricht. De Bevy hut iver der Radio epper haera sawgħa es der Roosevelt doot der waitsa nooner doo finf-en-footsich cendt es bushel den wooth, shooonth hetta meer un-
ser waitsa net ferkaufft bis freyre.

Well meer hen oonser geldt gricht, undt won meer ennich gmocht hen grawt fer kauffa, iss unser goot glick, undt won der waitsa rooner koompt tsu wennicher es en holp dawler, ich huf es de awrum liedt woorder male kauffa missa, utter es brode essa deen, greagha wos se greagha set, es se net so feel patsawla misa.

Awver de Bevy hut gmanedt es se will wetta es der male utter der brodte koompt net rooner so feel es der waitsa, undt ich kon iche sawgħa es de Bevy iss sheer olsfort recht weagħa so soch, se hut ortlich ouse għoona we se der onner yore rume

kuckt hut mit der Gifford. Well mer moos eppas larna won mer oof der lets siedt iss, shoonsht geldt undt tsiedt ferlora.

Ich hop kaerdt der onner dawk es der Gifford iss net friendlich mit unser Governoe Arthur James. Ich kon sel sheer net glawva, won aer net iss, set aer sich shemma, aer hut feel geldt gmocht es aer foon de tox patsawler gnoomma hut, undt aer set now shtill bliva, awver ferlicht iis es net so shlim es en dale liedt es ouse mocha deen, ich will ennyhow so huffa.

Won nix happena coot, wella meer onser house awe-shtdicha. Ich wase net ep meer epper greagha kenna der arovet tsu doo, de Bevy will net hovva es ich orrick noof in de hay goe, se farricht sich es ich mecht foon der laedter folla, undt won ich date, mist se ferlicht mich ferleara.

Undt se mist alaenich in der weldt laeva, utter ich mecht so wae gadoo es ich nimmy nix waerd bin, undt se sawkt es missa en Awe-Strichr greagha der arovet tsu doo, es ich bin mae waardt tsu era es der house, meer hen net so feel liedt es doe haer kooma deen es letsht yore.

Undt ich hop der onner dawk epper haera sawgha es se wella en wake Project doe onna geagha onser blots, undt won se so eppas deen, ich denk meer greagha mae liedt es unse psoocha deen, es se now deen, der wake doe un onser blots iss orrick shtanich undt de liedt hen blendty shaeny weagha iver tsu favra.

Es se net iver so feel shtae favra browncha, awver won se der wake goot mocha deen, ferlicht won der wake shae undt goot gmocht iss, missa meer oorsoch finna de liedt aweek holdta. Meer hen ortlich feel Blackbaera, undt ich hop sheer fergessa tsu sawgha es hut ortlich huckelbaera in der bush ovich onser house. Ich wase nuch net wos se waerd sin.

Ich denk net es ich undt de Bevy ennich huckelbaera ruppa deen den

yore, meer hen nuch blendty iverich foon letsht yore. Undt es hut unse en dale ledt gsawkt es de shlunga cin feel blendtier es fercommon, undt meer glicha net shlungha awe-druffa. Ich undt de Bevy hen durich Woodbury gonga letsht wooh ic glawp es waer letsht mitwooch, undt wos denksht doo, meer hen der George Clouse gsaena, awver aer hut unse net enoicht gnoomma, meer hen un der duckter sime blots gshtupt, de Bevy hut en cupwae kot, undt we meer doe waera iis der George in der Pusht Office gonga, undt we aer rouse koomma iss, hov ich der duckter Stayer gfroakt waer aer waer, undt aer hut meer gsawkt es aer waer der George Clouse.

Undt aer waer sheer der ainsich mon in der shtot foon Woodbury, es deitch shwtesa undt fershtae kon, doe iss witter en gross oonersholt, ich kon wissa nuch foon der tsiedt es der shtot foon Woodbury mae deitchey liedt kot hut es english, de Bevy waer boll besser waera iver der Cupwae undt meer hen en wile mit der duckter gablowderedt, undt es waer en wipesmensch nie koomma mit en grunk kiindt, undt meer sin fot gongga.

Well ich moos witter oof holdta witter fer des mole, es iss en kaar yoosht un onser blots gshtupt, undt es hut feer utter finf shaeny maidte, es durich der hofe geagha der house lawfa deen. Ich hop wella tsu dich awenich Jeck shriva we koompsht awe doo undt de Nance. Ich moos de Nance frogha we doo doosht de dawgha, ich date era leaver glawva es dich.

Ich denk deer sin retty fer der PicNic, koommet rouse.

Farrewell,
HONAS undt BEVY.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF "HONAS"

The following communication has been received by The Herald and we give it to our readers as requested.

Dear Editor of the Herald:

Please print these few lines in remembrance of our deceased brother and writer of the Pennsylvania Dutch, whom we so dearly loved, and who always wrote about me and my wife in these words, "JECK UND DE NANCE."

Yaw Bevy, do hut der goot mon, der Honas, ous der weld ganumma und hut een hame in de avichkite ganumma, ovver meer sin ols nuch do, do hut aar gashriva waigha der picnic drunna im bush, und de Nance, hut gasaught dus sell waar si letsht

gadenka gawest, aar hut uns nous gafroga on si blots.

Und meer wara shure gaglicha nous stu kumma, ovver meer hen ken waig gahot, tsu gae, so iss ess ever, der goot mon waist ess besht, aar nembt uns hame, won unser stite iss do stu gae.

Der Honas waar en gooter mon gawest, aar hut si bisness gawist, olla mole uss aar gashriva hut, hut aar mich und de Nance, nous gafroght on si bolts, mauch der goot Gut, een hame in der himmel nemma, und dot worta fer uns stu cumma, dess iss nimmy lung biss aw meer hame gana, in de avichkeit.

JECK UND DE NANCE.

Offers Sesame To Land of Memory

Relic of the horse and buggy days, the blacksmith shop on the W. Calvin Skyles farm in the Henrietta section of the central part of Morrisons Cove, offers the open sesame to a journey to the fair, green fields of the never-again land of memory.

Glancing at the well ordered array of tools that line the walls, Mr. Skyles recalls to mind the makers of the tools and the scenes of their manifold handiwork during the last years of the iron era when the Cove verily was a hive of activity.

Stalwarts of Mechanical Skill

Marching in review in the silver screen of recollection are such stalwarts of mechanical skill as Michael Hartman, the "daddy of wagon makers," as Mr. Skyles calls him; David Wineland, edge tool maker and manufacturer of wooden pumps used in hand dug wells, commemorated in literature in pre-running water days, as the town pump.

Sam Hartman, Dave Burget, jacks

of all trades, and Andy Benner, Dave Glass, Christ Beach and Esock (Isaac) Kensinger, champion rail splitters and post makers, are others of the departed artisans, who made tools, implements and vehicles out of the raw material furnished by soil, forest and mine, with the aid only of the crudest hand tools.

For instance: Neighbor Isaac Hoover began to dicker with Mike Hartman for a wagon. One of those extra heavy cumbersome conestoga or English bed, high wheeled wagons used to haul charcoal from the various hearths or pits, scattered throughout the flat where the big timber grew, lying between the ridge or "little mountain" and Tussey mountain. In the meantime, Mr. Hartman had picked out huge white oak trees on the flat.

Against the time orders would come in he had cut the trees and was letting nature "cure" them in ranked heaps in the woods, or in his black-

smith shop near the foot of the mountain along the road to Stonerstown. Here and there he had cords of split oak spoke wood drying out. At his shop, also, were ingots and scraps of charcoal iron.

Wagons Well Constructed

Those old mechanics swore by the locally manufactured iron. They said it was far more malleable and rust resistant than the store bought cast stuff. From the rough lumber and iron Mr. Hartman made wagons so heavy and strong that they would last a life-time in spite of the fact that they were used over roads rough enough to tear a factory made wagon apart. Mike Hartman's wagons, pulled by mule power, were proof against rocks, ruts, mud or any other obstructions a woods road was noted for.

That tough old oak could have been dragged over a house. It was sure fire traction all right but certainly was tough on mules. However, the wagoners were humane. They put in as high as eight or ten of the long eared jacks, as many as were necessary.

With such primitive tools as an axe, saw, adz, augur and drawing knife, Mr. Hartman fashioned the various parts of the wagon. The wheel was no job for a greenhorn. Cutting out and shaping the hub required absolute precision. It is no wonder primitive man was untold centuries trying to figure out how to make a wheel.

The felloe or rim was cut in four or six sections, mortised together so perfectly, it seemed to be all in one piece. Naturally the sections formed a circle. A lop-sided wheel would have been of no earthly use to man or beast.

Workmen Were Accurate

Those old wagon makers probably were no text book mathematicians but they could cut wooden parts to

scale so that they joined exactly without the variation of the least fraction of an inch. On his anvil Mr. Hartman hammered out the iron tires, shrinking the metal by alternate heating and cooling until it stuck closer than a poor relation to a rich uncle.

In case Mr. Hartman, or any of his contemporary wagon makers, broke his axe, that was nothing. He split a chunk of iron, welded a piece of steel in it, ground the edge on a grind stone (they had no emery wheels), bored the hole for the haft and presto he had a new axe. But it took much longer to make than to write.

As the standard of living arose above the requirements of the home spun era when every farm household manufactured their necessities from what they raised, the hand laboring mechanic was put out of business. The time required was too slow and expensive to compete with the factory article where improved machinery, the mechanical man, took the place of the wagon maker's and edge tool maker's shops.

Carry on Tradition

Even today there are sons of Morrisons Cove working in the Pennsylvania Railroad shops in Altoona, who are carrying on the traditions of their forebears as expert mechanics. Their skill of hand and brain turn out some of the finest rolling stock in the world. They would be no slouches if if they were to be turned loose in the workshops of their great grand dadies.

The old oaken bucket still retains a place in literature by reason of the song of the name, but the town pump is rapidly fading, not only from this mundane scene but from the language as well. Running water has superseded it and sanitary inspectors perhaps have ferreted out germs swarming in the well. They are not adapted to replenish automobiles and

the motorist prefers to be refreshed with a drink out of a refrigerator.

There is a town pump alongside the Rev. Isaac Kensinger place in Fredericksburg which has the form and appearance of antiquity. But Mr. Kensinger says it is only a reproduction. It was set up some twenty years ago. Square frame, hollowed out of a single block of wood, wooden spout and long iron handle with a ball at the end to assist muscular pressure, it looks picturesque enough to have stepped out of a Currier and Ives lithograph.

Old Pumps were Famous

In fact it might do justice to Granddaddy David Wineland. Mr. Wineland's pumps were famous. He had worked up a trade that had carried his pumps into different parts of Pennsylvania and even to other states. Granddaddy's specialty was boring the stocks. Attaching a bit to a shaft ten feet long, he drove it through the wood, straight and true.

He had some device of his own whereby he fitted the sections together to correspond to the depth of the well. One hates to think how long it must have taken him to make those wooden pipes. The handle and spout were the only metal parts. The handle was made from two pieces welded together in such fashion as to prevent the hand of the operator from striking the pump.

Drowsing the days away, far removed from the clang and clamor of shop and factory, Fredericksburg, like a person on whom the years are heavy, sits and weaves dreams, probably not of happier but of busier times. In its hey day the little old town was the scene of manifold industrial activity.

Rebecca Furnace, the Red Ore banks and the lumbering work carried on among the giant trees of the flat abutting the foot of the eastern slope of Tussey mountain, gave im-

petus to the industrial plants of Fredericksburg.

The grist mill, now owned by Henry Brumbaugh, whose old world style steep roof and general architecture reminds one of the cloisters at Ephrata, Lancaster county, the blacksmith shop across the road, the foundry lying diagonally across the road from the Mrs. Harriet Gates property and the stores made it into a market place. Here farmers from the surrounding districts came to buy and to sell.

Learned Blacksmithing

Young Calvin Skyles was learning the trade in Peggy W. Brumbaugh's blacksmith shop, learning all the ins and outs from John McCoy, than whom a better blacksmith never struck an anvil. Sam Hartman made wagons in part of the shop. Harry Hartman was the miller in the mill across the road.

Mr. Skyles, whose uncles were well-known blacksmiths and saddlers until Uncle Calvin entered the ministry, was no novice at the work. In course of time he became so proficient at making horse shoes that he could have made them with his eyes shut.

Curiously enough, he'll tell you the common run of farm horses in the Cove are much lighter today. Why, he remembers it was nothing to make No. 6 and 7 shoes. If you never knew before that horses wore shoes according to number, you have the information now that they run in size from the dainty small No. 1's for mules to as high as No. 8's. Any animal that wears an eight is a monster, Clydesdale, Percheron or other big dray breed.

The lightest horses brought to the shop were Ed. Lytle's string of racing stock. He had as many as thirty at times. Here and there, a young fellow, whose daddy owned a good farm, sported a fast driving horse. Some of

the horses were mean as dirt to shoe. A war bridle soon fixed them. If they got too rambunctious with one of them on his head, the beast soon got wise to the fact he might break his jaw.

Big Horses The Rule

As long as native bred horses were raised in sufficient numbers to supply local demand, big horses were the rule. When horse raising fell off for some reason or other, the farmers imported range bred western stock, which were smaller and lighter in weight. Surely it is cheaper to raise a colt than to lay out good money for an imported animal.

The blacksmith, by no means, confined his day to making shoes and shoeing horses. He was an all round iron worker, able to repair anything from a wagon to a wheel barrow.

Leisure time in Peggy W's blacksmith shop was scarce while "Cal." Skyles worked there, but if opportunity presented, he liked to see what was going on at Dave and Will Brumbaugh's foundry.

Oh, they were complaining somewhat that business was falling off. Even so, there seldom was a time that something interesting was not taking place. Dave and Bill said nearly everyone in the vicinity had been supplied with soap kettles and dinner bells, but new couples getting married and starting out for themselves kept custom moving along.

As late as the 1880's these two articles were essential to the farm home. Every farm wife saved the bacon and ham rinds and "dirty" lard, that is to say the lard trimmed from the entrails at fall butchering time, to render for soap. Any woman who did not have an ample supply of good hard cakes of soap drying on her attic was too slack and slipshod to be considered a member of the Order of Worthy Housewives.

Bell Ringing A Contest

Aside from calling the men to meals, dinner bells were a neighborhood criterion of the housekeeper's ability to chase work. Each one in the vicinity of Fredericksburg as well as in other parts of the cove, tried to ring her bell first. In fact, it was said among the neighborhood folks, that one well-known woman rang the bell, then ran into the house and started paring potatoes. Eleven o'clock for dinner and 4 o'clock for supper were the accepted hours for the women, who took first honors in this unspoken but well understood rivalry.

The Brumbaugh's had moulds of different sizes for bells and kettles, pouring the molten metal over them and keeping it set with sand. Mr. Skyles remembers that the late Joe Brumbaugh, son of David and also uncles of Joe Maddocks, principal of the senior High school of Altoona, was a very good moulder. The foundrymen are in their graves and the site of the plant is being farmed over but the product of the moulders' handicraft is still in use in various Morrisons Cove homes.

Mrs. Skyles will never forget the thrilling occasion when she tugged for the last time at the Brumbaugh-made dinner bell which used to swing from a cross arm above their wash house.

At 11 o'clock on the night of Dec. 1, 1913, the family was awaked from sound sleep by shouts and crackling flames. Their barn was burning. Albert Brumbaugh, Mose's son, of Henrietta, returning home from seeing his girl, had seen the fire. Arousing neighbors as he ran, he was the first one to come to the scene of the blaze. Charles McPherson, also on his way home from seeing his sweetheart, arrived soon after. It was Saturday night, girl night.

Horses Were Burned

Mr. Skyles and his brother Arthur at once rushed to the rescue of the livestock. In spite of frantic efforts four valuable horses were burned. However ten cows were saved. Meanwhile Mrs. Skyles rang the alarm on the old dinner bell. Sparks rained about her like hail, the heat was terrific but she tugged away at the rope until the flames licked too close for safety.

The barn, wagon sheds, wash house, trees, fences and every inflammable thing between the house and barn were burned to the ground. The barn rapidly was reduced to ashes and the fire ignited the side of the house next to the barn. It looked as if the entire homestead would be wiped off the face of the earth by the terrible conflagration. Valiant efforts by the bucket brigade of neighbors saved the house.

A scene of pitiful desolation was left in the wake of the fire. Crops, implements, vehicles, horses all were gone. Mr. Skyles' new wagon, which he and Sam Hartman had made and which was built like the one-horse shay to go until, if one piece gave out, all would fall apart, had been destroyed. Mr. Skyles and Mr. Hartman had put a lot of time on the wagon and the result of their efforts was a matter of real pride.

Thankful that the house had escaped, Mr. and Mrs. Skyles started from scratch to make a second beginning. Their neighbors were more than kind and insurance, although very inadequate, was a nest egg. Grit and hard work did the rest. They built better than before. The fire in nowise lessened the unbroken happiness of their family life.

"There are no big trees in the Cove anymore," said Mr. Skyles, "The age of good lumber here is past."

"Why do you say that?" asked the reporter. Those who will live fifty

years from now will see as good trees in the forest reservations up here on Tussey mountain, as ever grew in former years."

That remark, green as it seemed to an experienced woodsman, made Mr. Skyles laugh.

"Don't you know," he exclaimed, "that trees, like everything else that grows, require food. You'll never see large trees on the mountain. The soil to provide their sustenance is not there. Why did you ever examine the trees on the mountain? They are crooked and wind warped. Their roots are gnarled over rocks. The wind and lack of soil will never produce the giant oaks and white pines which grew in the primitive wilderness."

"The monarchs of the forest were not on the mountain side. They grew in the fertile flats where they were protected from the wind and where they had the necessary elements in the soil to make them grow straight and strong. If you want to see what virgin oaks were like, look at those on the lawn of the old Lytle place, Oaklawn Manor, now owned by Doc and Clad Hershberger. That's the kind of lumber I mean. You'll never see its like again, nor will those that come after us. We now must depend for high quality lumber on the big trees of the far west. When they are gone, I don't know where we can turn for the source of supply."

Men Split The Rails

"The woods between the ridge and the mountain were full of men. Some were chopping and sawing. Some were running a tan bark grinder. Like as not, Henry Seedenburg, Andy Benner and Dave Glass were splitting rails. They picked out oaks and chestnuts for that purpose. The trees had to be straight and almost without flaw to split well."

"Generally two men worked together. One chopped and the other split

A good man could split as many as a hundred rails in a day, point them, too. Got five cents per rail. You see it was piece work. When a man thought he had done a good job, say a hundred rails, he would quit, call it a day, whether it was dark or not. It was nothing for John Smouse and I to split one hundred rails in a day. That is, rails for stake and rider. They were not so particular, but the post and rider had to be graduated in size. Thick rails at the bottom, thinner ones at the top. That kind of fence was about nine rails high."

"Do you remember," broke in Mrs. Skyles, "some of the rail splitters rounded the top rails so the men could sit on them more comfortably. Sit, talk and whittle."

"Splitting rails wasn't such hard work," continued Mr. Skyles, "First you split the tree in halves, then split the halves in quarters and the quarters in eighths. One time, I remember, John Smouse and I made thirty rails out of a single tree. I tell you, Esock Kensinger could split them up fast. Of course, there was a slight in it. In some ways it seems a pity, now that lumber is scarce, to have cut up those fine trees into fences. But the land had to be cleared and at that time it was the cheapest fence that could be made. Anyway those old rails kept the home fire burning in the stoves after the fences were torn down. So the wood was put to some good use, after all."

Four Weddings In A Day

June 26, 1901, was an auspicious day in the central section of the Cove. It not only marked the wedding of W. Calvin Skyles and Miss Margaret Catharine Kensinger, whose blue eyes and pink cheeks, contrasted so attractively with her dark hair, but three other well-known young couples were united in marriage on the same day.

They were Charles Straesser and Minnie Rhodes, both deceased. Minnie died first, followed by her hus-

band a few years later. Bert Wagner and Elsie Hoover and John Burget and Mary Puderbaugh were the others. Mrs. Burget also has passed away.

Calvin Skyles and Maggie Kensinger drove to Martinsburg to the Lutheran parsonage where they were married by Rev. C. M. Aurand. The young couple were active members of Mt. Pleasant Reformed church. However, the new pastor, Reverend John Heffner, although he had been called to the charge, had not been ordained. He assisted with the ceremony, this being his first marriage service during his ministry.

Bride Was Charming

It is no exaggeration to say the bride looked charming in her long white French organdie dress, worn over a foundation of heavy moire. Mary Staudnour had made it according to the mode, which called for an intricate design of tucks, insertion, lace, and ribbon sash.

Ornate as the dress was, it was no comparison to the hat, which was a most stylish creation of chiffon, metallic embroidery and rose buds. A thunder shower threatened to ruin the wedding finery but it cleared away in good time.

Following the ceremony, the young couple returned to the bride's home destined to be their future home, where the guests invited to a bounteous supper, awaited them. The house was elaborately decorated with sprays from the Baltimore Belle rose bush which each June offered a generous wealth of delicate beauty and perfume. On each anniversary, the daughters watch eagerly to cull some of the choicest blooms in fragrant memory of the happiest day in their parents' lives.

Rousing Serenade Held

Scarcely had the merry party risen from the table than an ear-splitting bellerling announced the arrival of the calithumpians, led by Clint Shirk.

The lawn swarmed with men and boys, whose robust din soon routed the newly-weds to the front porch to receive congratulations. After another serenading the next day following the infare dinner at Father John G. Skyles residence in the vicinity of Martinsburg, the young couple settled down to the serious routine of daily household and farm chores.

There was too much work for the bride to take up her fine needlework where she had left off when she laid the last piece in her hope chest prior to her marriage. Elaborate drawn work, embroidery, knitted and filet bureau scarfs and a bed spread, make one wonder how eyesight and patience could endure the strain of those countless stitches.

All are worthy to be heirlooms but the choicest of the lot really should be a museum piece. It is a net table cloth, with a beautiful pattern stitched through the mesh, consisting of alternate rows in a conventional floral design.

Books Great Favorites

The daughters, the Misses Kathryn, Mary and Ruth, are not especially interested in needlework. Books, flowers and music are their hobbies. The large farm house overflows with books. They needn't worry at such times as the existing shelves reach their capacity.

A word to father and uncle Arthur is all that is necessary. They retire to the blacksmith shop, bring their fine sets of carpenter tools into play and soon they turn out the desired set of shelves, mortised with the expert craftsmanship we so much admire in antiques.

Mildred, the youngest daughter,

married to Walter Laverne Croft, lives at Clearfield. Different series of snapshots of her little daughter Eileen, attest to her high place in the hearts of her grandparents and aunts. Flowers of every sort and description decorate the lawn with colorful beauty from tulip time until Jack Frost blights the last chrysanthemums.

Have Fine Rock Garden

A terraced rock garden, containing some curious rock formations, bird bath in the shape of a water lily, made by Miss Kathryn and her father, a fish pond and flowers galore, arrest the admiration of the guest, from the front gate. Work and well organized leisure pay big dividends in health and happiness.

Mr. and Mrs. Skyles look forward to years of continued usefulness. They by no means are oldsters. Mr. Skyles was born September 29, 1872. His wife is about the same age.

He is the second son of the late John G. and Mary Rhodes Skyles. Two brothers, Arthur M. and John G., the latter a resident of Altoona, and a sister, Miss Emma Skyles, of Martinsburg, are living. Frank G. Homer and Howard, are deceased.

The Skyles name is an old and honored one in the Cove. Mr. Skyles is unable to trace his lineage farther back than to his great-grandfather, William Skyles, who was employed at Maria Furnace. Family tradition has to do with four brothers, who emigrated from England to the new world but the family records are silent as to the year. Throughout the generations, they have been consistent members of the Reformed church.

Basis Provided For Present School System

No young American, with a spark of ambition in his make-up can help but be thrilled by the story of Abe Lincoln, who got his first training in the rudiments of learning by figuring on the back of a wooden coal shovel by the flickering light of the fireplace in a home so crude a well brought up hen would eye with misgiving.

No graded school, in fact scarcely any schooling at all, started him on his spectacular career from backwoods cabin to the White House. In point of interest, Lincoln's life story equals the most glamorous fairy story except for the ending which was so far removed from the traditional, "And they lived happy ever after."

One can imagine young students, their faces illuminated with interest, saying:

Era Of One-Room Schools

"Isn't it funny to think that Granddad went to a school where all the kids and all the grades, clear from the beginners to pre-high, were crowded in one room. Our teacher has only thirty pupils in the same grade and she says she is breaking her back trying to get through with the different classes. She says she'll have to have more wages so she can pay her nerve specialist. Yet, come to think of it Grandad isn't so dumb."

No. Grandfather isn't so dumb. He was able to make a living and spend a little something extra in order that his posterity could have improved educational advantages.

He hadn't gone to school in a fine building. He never heard of air conditioning. Nor was he able to talk glibly about this theory or that ism, but he could figure arithmetic like nobody's business and he could do his own thinking. No wiley tongued salesman could talk him into buying likely-looking gadgets that were

made to sell and he could hold his own in a horse trade. In other words, he knew enough to take care of himself.

Learning Is Of The Spirit

All of which is no brief for one room schools but merely by way of observing that fine buildings don't make fine brains. The ambition to learn is not inspired by wood or brick nor yet a central heating system, it is of the spirit and the texture of personality. It is born within the individual.

One hears so much nowadays of the short comings of the old fashioned rural school system that a word of commendation for our forefathers' efforts against long odds to provide schools for their progeny will not come amiss.

Poring over a report of Pennsylvania State Superintendent of Education J. P. Wickersham, covering the year ending June 1, 1868, your Bygone Days Reporter was agreeably surprised to learn of the foresight and community spirit of many of the old-timers.

Women Enter Teaching Field

The United States was slowly emerging from the prostration and exhaustion of the Civil War. Rural education had lagged, both for economic reasons and the lack of experienced teachers, many of whom had served in the Federal army. Women were entering the field, much to the opposition of many people who believed the female of the species would be totally unable to keep order.

Of course, the various county superintendents report cases of indifference, fraud and pure human cussedness. For instance Superintendent Aaron Sheely, of Adams county, complains of two newly built school houses:

Schools Poorly Constructed

"The poorest and cheapest lumber has been used in these houses, much of it being sap wood and wind shaken. The stoves in both are much dilapidated. The one is profusely coated with lime to keep it from smoking, giving it a unique appearance. The pipe is rusty, battered and broken.

"The half dried walls are good condensers, but are not so good for the health and comfort of the poor unfortunate whose hard lot it is to occupy these miserable places. The exteriors and surroundings of these houses are in perfect keeping with the internal arrangements.

"All is chaos and confusion, worse confounded, on the outside. Logs, hewn and unhewn, tree-tops, stones, large and small, mortar and mortar beds, lumber and lumber scraps of all kinds are here found in one confused mess. And these are school houses!"

"These are the places where many of the youth, the future sovereigns of this country, will receive their education and where they will of necessity receive their first lesson in propriety order and taste. It is proper to state that the builders receive only \$650 a piece for these houses, a sum entirely inadequate.

"It is the old story of penny wise and pound foolish, and is the poorest kind of economy. I have called particular attention to these houses, so that others may not make the same mistake."

Builds Model School

To counter balance such instances as this, County Superintendent P. M. Shoemaker, of Franklin County, writes appreciatively of a schoolhouse erected by Contractor J. J. Miller, who expended several hundred dollars of his own money in excess of the sum allotted to him, because in the language of the superintendent:

"Mr. Miller, believing that the

times demanded better schoolhouses than the board had agreed to build, went on and put up one of the best single room schoolhouses in the county."

H. Winter superintendent of Fulton county, writes eloquently of Wesley hall, a new building, which actually is "ventilated by lowering the sash. It is located on a level spot of ground, in the midst of a beautiful grove, which is still rendered more beautiful and attractive by the energies of our citizens, through whose enterprise the house was first projected, and by whom the advantages of our common schools are fully appreciated."

Superintendent H. W. Fisher, of Bedford county, reports the building of twelve new houses, one of which is located in Middle Woodbury township. This house he describes as a "model." Unfortunately the house in Colerain township is "a total failure. Think of it, doors planed on one side, rough on the other. Benches and desks that fall to pieces after three weeks using, and windows fastened so that they cannot be lowered."

Teachers' Salaries Advanced

He also spreads the good news that teachers' salaries advanced during the year of 1868. The monthly stipend varied in different districts. Teachers now drew the munificent salary of a low of \$27.00 per month to a high of \$35.25. In view of the fact that two additional branches—United States history and school economy, were introduced, Superintendent Fisher was jubilant to note that the teachers made higher grades in their examinations than formerly.

Elexis Elder, superintendent of Blair county, writes with fluent pen that new school houses were built during the year but none quite measured up to the standard required by law and that seventy-four had no toilet facilities whatever.

He deplores "that a common county jail cannot be built without proper provision for room, light, heat, air, etc., yet a building may be built entirely unfit for school purposes, and the people must send their children there for instruction or do without school."

Seeks Office For Politics

Too many school directors, he continues, are elected to "accomplish some unworthy purpose or to carry out some political scheme; without any regard to their moral worth or intellectual ability."

Where have we heard that before? It surely has a familiar ring. Away back in 1868 there must have been school directors, who ran for the office to get a daughter a job or to pull some under cover politics. On the say-so of the bearded and ready-tongued Superintendent Elder, human nature in Blair county hasn't changed as much as could be expected.

He compliments the boards of Antis, Tyrone, Taylor and North Wood-

bury townships for having "graded salaries according to the qualifications, skill and experience in the art of teaching."

"Our county institute, held in December, was a complete success." The speakers named were Hon. J. P. Wickersham, Prof. E. Brooks, S. S. Jack, Esq., N. B. Crysler, Esq., Hon. Samuel Calvin, Hon. Samuel McCamant, Rev. Jas. Waugh, S. A. Fulton, Esq., Prof. J. Miller, Prof. R. H. Fulton and others.

Advocate Longer Terms

Another item of interest to local residents: "In Huston, North Woodbury and Taylor, the term should be lengthened to five or six months. These are wealthy districts, and the people could well afford their children the advantage of a more liberal education."

That's a pat on the back. Wealthy district! Maybe that accounts for the rising tax rate that keeps eating so much substance out of our alleged riches.

CIVIL WAR DAYS RECALLED

With mind filled with nameless forebodings Sallie Barndollar hurried across the field to tell Mother.

It was so hot. Heat waves quivered in the sun. She had been to the harvest field to carry her brothers, Jacob and James, a little pail of water. Jacob, the older, always quiet and undemonstrative, looked more serious than was his wont. After drinking sparingly, he had mopped his face with his red bandanna handkerchief, afterwards wringing it out and laying it on the wheat stubbles to dry.

Then he leaned on his cradle and waited for Jim, who bound the sheaves behind him, to come up. Jim, rollicking, light hearted Jim, coming to the end of the swath, tossed his hat into the air away over the standing grain.

Using the family nickname for little sister, he said:

"Kit, go get my hat and I'll buy you a stick of candy when I go to town this evening."

A red striped stick of peppermint candy! That was a prize worth striving for. Sally retrieved the hat gaily. Jim drank copiously. Strong and sound as they make them, nothing fazed him. No fear that cold water would give him a distemper.

Then seating herself on an old cherry stump, Sally heard the thing that troubled her. She did not know what it was but she was afraid it had to do with that terrible thing the grown-ups called war and about which they were so fearful.

Decide To Enlist In Civil War

"Jim," said Jake, "Let's put the

harvest away for Pap and enlist. We don't want to pay \$300. Besides no Barndollar ever was a coward."

"All right, let's," answered Jim enthusiastically.

This was the summer of 1863. The Civil War was raging. Men and boys laid down the tools of their trade and exchanged them for guns in defense of the Union.

Sallie's mother was in the kitchen up in the big farm house on South Hill, off the forks of the roads below Everett. She was baking. Tired and bathed with perspiration, she moulded loaves of bread dough, pans of light cakes and pinched the edges of the crust off the pie tins, the while Sallie's sister Belle carried them to the brick bake oven in the yard.

No matter how weary she might be, she never was impatient with the perplexities of her brood. So Sallie knew her mother would listen sympathetically.

"Jake and Jim are going some place," said Sallie.

Never will Sallie forget the look of sorrow and resignation that crossed her mother's face as she sighed and said:

"Yes, I guess they will."

Those memories are as clear today to Mrs. Sallie Fockler, of Martinsburg, as were the actual happenings when they took place.

Brothers Don Uniforms

The boys enlisted. Jacob and James Goggly and Jacob and James Sparks, neighboring farm lads also enlisted. That was a thrilling time, fraught with anguish, when the boys donned their blue uniforms and went to the war.

Certainly one of the most significant days in the history of Everett. The company of young recruits assembled on the public square. Flags waved, speeches were made, mothers wept and the band blared martial music. The oath of loyalty was taken.

At length the command to march

rang out. The band broke into the strains of "Tramp, Tramp; the Boys are Marching." Stepping to the music the boys, a fine sight in their new blue uniforms and glittering brass buttons, marched down the street to the Barndollar railway station. Yes, it was the Barndollar station then because the Barndollars founded Bloody Run, now Everett.

Young Men Leave For War

There the soldiers crowded into the coaches of the train. "Goodbye, my boy, goodbye!" called out parents, brothers, sisters, sweethearts and neighbors. O, what a heart-breaking chorus that was. Grave young faces clustered from the windows and the flutter of white handkerchiefs signalled farewell as long as the train remained in sight.

War Shortened Mother's Life

Home again, John Barndollar and his wife and family awaited news from the front. To this day Mrs. Fockler declared the suspense and sorrow incident to the Civil War shortened her bother's life. She died at fifty-three.

Father haunted the postoffice in the evenings, both hopeful and fearful of the news that might be awaiting him. Will, Mike and Dan Ott, brothers, who among them attended the postoffice, promised to let him know at once if any letters came.

On December 22, 1863, Mike Ott came to the Barndollar home with a letter.

"Read it," requested Mr. Barndollar.

Breaking the seal, Mr. Ott read the official notification:-

Son Killed, Another Wounded

"John and Mary Barndollar. Your son James killed in action and your son Jacob wounded and in hospital."

Father at once went to the hospital in Virginia. From the lips of Jacob, he learned that James had been killed in the holocaust at Fredericksburg. Under fire, Jacob said, James always

stood with his gun pointed, his body poised forward with a look of eagerness as if he were thinking:

"Come on you rebels, I'll get you."

He stood like that on the field of Fredericksburg alongside Jacob. A bullet pierced him. He fell to the ground, his lips quivering with the tremor of death. Before Jacob could lift him up or reach him, a bullet struck him in the breast and he, too, fell unconscious.

Body Was Never Located

No trace of James' body ever was found. Members of the family have never ceased to search for a clue to his resting place. Even Mrs. Fockler's children and grandchildren are still trying to uncover some information that might lead them to locate his grave.

Jacob believed that James' body found final disposition in a trench. In retreat under fire he had seen the dead collected and rolled into a hastily dug trench and covered over without ceremony or markers left to indicate the place. Jacob was in the hospital nine weeks. Following his recovery, he returned to the army and served for the duration of the war. Another brother William also was in the war.

Of that company that included the three Jacobs and the three Jameses only three returned. They were Jacob Barndollar, Jacob Sparks and James Goggly. James Barndollar, Jacob Goggly and James Sparks sleep in unknown graves.

Mrs. Fockler's daughter Laura (Mrs. Harry Smelser of Juniata) used to ask Uncle Jacob Barndollar when she was a little girl to tell her about the war. She never could hear enough about his army experiences. Eventually, becoming tired of her questionings, he told her:

"How would you like to crawl on your belly with your face in the mud and drink dirty water out of the hoof print of a mule?"

That terse description pictured the horrors of war so realistically that the little girl was cured. She wanted to hear nothing more about the war.

Returning Soldiers Resume Work

As their terms of enlistment expired, the veterans came home again. Some in groups; some alone. The able-bodied took up their work wherever they had left off. In the era of hand labor, there was little dearth of employment. Jacob Barndollar entered the employ of Mr. Thropp at the Everett furnaces, continuing as a teamster until their close and throughout the period of their dismantling. He died eighteen years ago at Everett at the age of eighty-four.

After all the soldiers had returned, a great celebration was held at Everett in thanksgiving for their safety and the restoration of peace. There were ox roasts, bands and speaking galore. Mrs. Fockler remembers that the family got home so late that night that it was nearly mid-night before the cows were milked.

Father Barndollar and his son Michael were taking a load of lumber into Everett from the farm. On the way two men, declaring they were authorized by the government to impress horses for use in the army, stopped the team and without more ado started to unharness the horses.

Keeping his wits about him, father lashed the horses so that, rearing and plunging, they dashed off at top speed, and got such a good start that a wheel of the wagon ran over a foot of one of the horse thieves. What father called them must have been plenty. But we'll go into that later.

Galloping into town, father got a posse of several men to help him track down the bandits. What with all the excitement, he had forgotten that Jacob's horse, John, was pasturing in the field with a yearling colt.

After Jacob had gone to war, John had a pretty easy time of it. Out of sentiment, father treated him like a

star boarder. Besides John was not as fast gaited as his favorite, willing, fleet-footed Dolly.

Horse Is Stolen

Mother and sister Belle, with little Sallie scampering at her heels and making a great show of helping, were picking blackberries around the pasture. Helpless to resist, they saw the horse thieves catch John and ride off with him.

Mr. Barndollar and his posse tried to hunt down the bandits but they were unable to find any trace. About six weeks after that a letter came to Everett postoffice, addressed to "The Swearing Man" No other name was in the superscription, but it was handed to Mr. Barndollar. His language to the bogus horse impression agents must have been pretty lurid for the letter had come to its rightful owner.

Briefly, the letter contained the instruction: "If you want your horse, come up to Williamsport, you'll find him there."

Started For Williamsport

Mr. Barndollar started at once for Williamsport, making the trip riding on the back of faithful Dolly. It was intensely hot. Mrs. Fockler will assure you that summers are not nearly so hot as they used to be, nor are the winters so cold. Dolly, by nature, would go as long as she could get one foot in front of the other.

Worked up as he was, Mr. Barndollar probably failed to realize that he was riding the animal too hard in the great heat. At any rate, he reached the outskirts of Williamsport in record time. Since Dolly had cast a shoe, he stopped at a blacksmith shop just outside the city and had her shod.

While the smith was at work, Mr. Barndollar inquired whether the man had seen a horse of John's description.

"Why, yes," replied the smith, "there's a horse that looks like that out here on the commons. He's been there quite a spell. No one seems to claim him. Must be a stray or something."

Horse Is Recovered

Well, Mr. Barndollar, leading Dolly, went in search of the horse and, sure enough, there was John. In answer to Mr. Barndollar's calling of his name, the horse neighed and trotted up at once to nuzzle Dolly's nose, happy to be reunited with his stablemate.

Without stopping to rest, Mr. Barndollar mounted Dolly and started home. He realized he should have ridden the other horse but he lacked the pep and gait to cover ground the way Dolly could. However, on reaching home Dolly took sick.

The strain of the journey, together with drinking too much cold water, gave her lung fever which killed her. In short, Mr. Barndollar killed one horse to redeem another. He had the satisfaction that his soldier son's horse was safe, which was something on the credit side.

Received Farm From Uncle

The two hundred and fourteen acre farm, which so amply supported the family, had been willed by Father's bachelor uncle, Jacob Barndollar, to Mother. Its fertile fields grew abundant harvests, while long rows of cherry trees and the large apple, peach and pear orchard yielded a delightful store of fruits.

Pleasant as that was, its charm lost in comparison with nutting forays. Each autumn the children roamed the homeland woods and gathered quantities of chestnuts, hickory nuts, butter nuts, black walnuts and hazelnuts. Ah yes, old Michael Barndollar, who had bought the domain, of which this was a part, in the year 1787, had chosen the fat of the land.

Sallie was three weeks old when the family moved to the farm. She

had been born at their former home at Hancock, Maryland, March 23, 1857. When she was three weeks old, father and the older children loaded the furniture on sleds drawn by oxen and made their slow, lumbering journey to Bloody Run.

They had laid heavy blankets and feather ticks on thick straw on the bottom of one of the sleds and in this warm nest Mother, brother Michael, who was next in age to the baby, and wee Sallie, snuggled down and were as warm and comfortable as could be. Although it was the middle of April, there was deep snow on the ground and high, raw winds gave a lingering taste of winter that made a cold flitting.

Father Was Patriotic

Father was intensely patriotic. He was for the Union once and for all and didn't care who knew it. Next to that, he was a hard boiled Republican. Fourth of July celebrations and political rallies put him in his glory. He had erected a tall pole in front of his premises on which he had rigged a cask or barrel with an attachment of pulleys, arranged for the purpose of drawing up a lantern as a signal light.

Nights when the men in the neighborhood saw a lantern flash from the Barndollar pole, they knew there was a political meeting afoot. Lively affairs they were, too. Oratory, brawls and fist fights oftentimes. Woe the man suspected of being a copperhead, the name by which southern sympathizers were known. Mrs. Fockler recalls one rally at which the fighting went beyond blackening eyes. A man was stabbed. Whether he died she does not remember. At any rate, she was afraid of political meetings.

Always Headed Parades

A more gallant or colorful symbol of patriotism than Mr. Barndollar would have been hard to find. He always rode at the head of the parade on holiday or political celebrations.

Painting his white riding horse with red teal and indigo, his steed was a resplendent red, white and blue.

Then he donned Jacob's old blue army overcoat, which was decorated with a double row of brass buttons and from which a piece of shrapnel had shot off a corner flap at the bottom, testifying to one of the young soldier's many narrow escapes from death.

Rolling the wide brim of his hat into the shape of a general's headgear, he was a figure worthy of leading any parade. Bloody Run in the old days took great pride in the originality and diversity of her parades. They were an eyefull. In addition the crack cornet band did high honor to the town.

Possessed Natural Talent

Sallie Barndollar went to school at Clear Creek, a mile and a half from home. She'll tell you she had little education, but judging by the fluency of her speech, her ability to describe the pictures childhood experiences have limned on the tablets of memory, her limited schooling was sufficient to nurture natural talent.

In view of the fact that she did not start to school until she was eight and quit at fourteen, the term being only three months long, her school days were few. Nevertheless she could read everything in Osgood's or McGuffey's Fourth Reader, spell eight syllable words, pronouncing each syllable and back pronouncing as she progressed through the word, repeat the multiplication table and sing the states and capitals, but as for mental she just had no use for that kind of arithmetic.

John Stuckey, Caleb Barton and Miss Jennie Pettigrew were her teachers. The pupils called the latter Jennie Petticoat behind her back but she was a good teacher just the same. Sallie could learn anything by heart.

Had Splendid Memory

To this day she can repeat "The

"Dying Soldier's Message" as well as she could in school days. Jacob sent it home from the army on purpose for tiny Kit to recite. She learned it in no time although she was far short of school age.

Sallie's brother Daniel went with her to school, but what made the long walk really delightful was the company of Sallie Holler and Jennie Wren. Sallie was a little mischief, just full of herself. Jennie Wren was as sweet a little girl as ever lived. She had long, dark curls just like Sallie Barndollar's. You've seen old photographs of little girls in hoop skirts, pantalettes and curls. Well, that was the way Sallie and Jennie looked.

One day Jennie Wren did not come to school. Soon her schoolmates learned that she had left home schoolward bound but had not arrived at the schoolhouse nor was she to be found along the way.

Schoolmate Was Killed

A search party was organized. Eventually little Jennie's dead body was found in a clump of bushes and trees on top of a bank alongside the road. She had been brutally attacked. A buck negro of the town was arrested, tried and convicted. He was sentenced to be hung. So many people went to Bedford to see the hanging that the crowd overran the town. Spectators hung from the windows of adjacent buildings, clambered up on the roofs, climbed trees and looked on from any vantage point they could find.

After the burning of Chambersburg, Mrs. Fockler remembers well the excitement engendered by the word that the rebels were advancing northward. Mother Barndollar and her grown daughters packed their clothes, bed clothing, dishes and other valued possessions in tubs and barrels and the men of the family hid the containers down a fifty foot dug well. Such scurrying around and

planning of hiding places! Well, that game of hide-and-seek was played in every home in the south central counties.

Recalls "Punkin" Flood

In spite of the damage worked in Everett by the flood of 1936, Mrs. Fockler refuses to believe that it was as bad as the "punkin" flood. She was only a girl then. The water rose to the forks of the road, inundating Everett from end to end. Corn fields were so flooded that the pumpkins were washed out and floated in bobbing, yellow masses down the river.

The family of her sister, Mrs. Kate Weaverling, suffered great hardship. Saved from drowning, a son, Grant, contracted rheumatism as a result of the exposure and died a few years afterward.

Following her mother's death, Sallie, then seventeen, kept house for her father. The farm was sold and they moved to Woodbury. She was married to John Fockler, Dec. 22, 1878. He died Oct. 2, 1917. The three children born to them are living. They are Jesse Edward Fockler, a farmer, of near Bedford, Mary, wife of Jacob M. Dilling, of Martinsburg, and Laura, wife of Harry Smelser, of Juniata, Altoona. She has eight grandchildren and several great-grandchildren.

Practices True Religion

A consistent Methodist, who translates her faith in treating her fellow human beings right, her gentle spirit endears her to all who know her. Dark hair but slightly silvered, her face only lightly furrowed, she looks very much younger than her eighty-two years. Her hearing is perfect, and although one eye is sightless, she sees fairly well. Delightful company as she is, she does not let the attacks of neuritis from which she is a chronic sufferer, get the better of her sunny disposition.

The last one left of nine children

that grew up out of a family of eleven born to her father and mother, she is not lonely. The affection of her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren constantly renews her interest in living.

While she lives alone in her tidy

little house on South Market street, Martinsburg, she has not many solitary moments. Neighbors and relatives visit her often and her daughter, Mrs. Dilling, or her granddaughter, Miss Romayne Dilling, stays with her at night.

Societies Visit Relics and Heirlooms

A more graphic link with the past could not be furnished than that enjoyed by the combined Blair and Huntingdon county Historical societies at Waterstreet Saturday evening. Through the graciousness of Mrs. Zacharial, they were given the rare privilege of viewing many relics and heirlooms of the James Lewis Mytinger family. Mrs. Zachariah is a direct descendant of Mr. Mytinger, who was inn-keeper, business man and owner of a large tract of land in and about Waterstreet in Colonial times.

Furniture, now priceless, was brought by six-horse wagon trek from Lancaster, following the marriage of Mr. Mytinger in 1788. Silverware, dishes, quilts, paintings, articles of household use, seen only in museums, things too numerous to mention, adorn this home in the best expression of the authentic early American mode. Wall paper in the parlor, eighty years old, still retains its pristine coloring. It truly is an historical treasure house.

Mrs. Zachariah and her daughter Mrs. John Galen Royer, very hospitably showed the large crowd of guests through the rooms and explained the history of the different pieces as it related to the earlier generations of the family. Placards also were of much assistance in designating the period and uses of some of the most unusual articles.

Although greatly fatigued, Mrs. Zachariah was as kind to the late

comers as to those who called immediately on their arrival at Waterstreet, which was the last stop of the day's tour.

With unaffected charm, Mrs. Royer interpolated a story during the after dinner program of Mrs. Catharine Mytinger, her great-grandmother, several times removed, that certainly places that lady's name high on the roll of the pioneer heroines of America.

As the story goes, Mrs. Mytinger was alone at home, churning butter, the men of the family having been at work in the fields. Suddenly a blood curdling war whoop apprised her that the house was surrounded by Indians. Entering the door, the savages took possession of the kitchen, doubtless with the intention of scalping the lone white woman.

With outward composure, Mrs. Mytinger offered the war party the butter milk to drink. After drinking with gusto, the raiders departed peacefully. The next morning, the Mytinger family discovered haunches of venison hanging from the trees in front of the doorway. Thus had the Indians made acknowledgment of their appreciation of the bravery and courtesy of their involuntary hostess.

Mrs. Royer related that when she was a little girl she took delight at playing this story in make-believe, pretending the Indians had left hunks of venison hanging from a majestic maple tree that used to stand on the lawn near her home.

A letter found in an old horse hide trunk on the attic, threw an amusing side light on a romance in the Mytinger family. The letter referred to was written in 1820 by a prospective bride to her sister, who was at boarding school at Harrisburg.

The precious missive, which had been entrusted to the care of a river boat captain, requested the student sister to please get the bride a set of curls to wear at her wedding. "If you match the curls to your own hair, I am sure they will suit me," was the instruction contained in the letter.

The curls and the wedding dress are stored in Mrs. Zachariah's attic.

Aside from the historical value of the tour, the resplendent coloring of the foliage, which holds static as finale to summer the tints of sunset, enchanted the motorists. All agreed with Dr. Lee Driver's description. Professor T. S. Davis related that he had directed Dr. Driver to return by way of Sinking Valley to Harrisburg one October day. Afterwards Dr. Driver declared it to be one of the most beautiful drives in the United States.

Was Prominent Figure In Gold Rush

Gold! The news drifting in that gold had been found in the mill race of Captain John Suter's ranch in fair off California, electrified the nation.

Men laid down their tools, left the plow and whatever other prosaic occupations they followed in the industrial sections of the Atlantic seaboard and the Ohio river valley, and started on a long journey to the land of promise, Spanish hidalgos, vigilantes and six shooters.

Some went overland by covered wagon. To this day that historic trek has furnished an unending source of dramatic material for fiction, poetry and the stage. That heart breaking wilderness trail was marked with the skeletons, whitely glistening in the sun, of horses and cattle, and rude crosses marking the graves of the human victims of thirst, hunger and Indian massacres.

Others embarked on boats and traveled an additional thousand miles or more by way of the Isthmus of Panama. No canal then. Only tropical jungles, infested with malaria and yellow fever.

Renewed interest in the gold rush and the Forty-niners has been aroused this summer by the efforts of

the citizens of Sacramento to have the body of Captain Suter raised from its once almost forgotten grave in Lancaster county, Pa., and given to the soil of the state which deprived him of his lands and wealth and consigned him to abject poverty.

One wonders how many residents of Blair county followed the weary miles to the golden treasure of California. It would be a real distinction nowadays to point to an ancestor who had braved the rigors of the forty-niners.

John W. Goodfellow, late of Hollidaysburg, while not in the first exodus to California, went there in the 'Fifties. He found no gold and the green hills of Pennsylvania and the peace and well being of his native town seemed far away. In fact, in after years, he used to say, he probably never would have got back home if it hadn't been for the Civil War.

When the war broke out, he joined up with the 2nd Massachusetts regiment and started for the battle fields of the South. In this connection, it is curious to note that Massachusetts and other states, short in manpower, recruited soldiers wherever they could be had, even combing the

wild and wooly west for them.

Mr. Goodfellow's regiment came east by way of the Isthmus of Panama. A man, who knew not fear, the steel of whose cold, still courage, so affected other men, that his mere arrival on the scene, quelled them to submission. Mild & spoken, a citizen of substantial means, integrity and respectable, he never looked for trouble. However, when bad actors in the town ran amok, a call for Mr. Goodfellow was a sure cure.

A story of his effect on disturbers of the peace is contained in the following very interesting history of the evolution of Hollidaysburg's fire fighting apparatus kindly written for The Herald by Mr. Frank W. Goodfellow, of Hollidaysburg. As will be gleaned from his article fire engines today are a far cry from the hand-to-hand bucket brigade of primitive times.

Mr. Goodfellow writes as follows:

"During the month of February 1837, Hollidaysburg Borough purchased from F. E. Phelps of Windsor, Vt., their first fire engine, and during the same year Jacob Taylor erected an engine house for which he received the sum of seventy-five dollars. The engine cost two hundred and fifty dollars, and was an odd looking, poorly constructed machine that proved to be of little use.

"It being submitted to the voters of the town, and it was carried by almost an unanimous vote that the Council purchase two good engines, and in July 1841, the Council through its committee purchased from John Agnew of Philadelphia, two fire engines for which they agreed to pay Mr. Agnew the sum of nine hundred and fifty dollars each. These engines were named the Juniata and the Allegheny. The Juniata arrived in Sept. 1841 and the Allegheny was received on April 9, 1842.

"Both of these were operated, not

by steam, but by man power, they being nothing, but a large force pump mounted on wheels and when in use as many as possible stood on each side of a platform working the handles, which propelled the pump until exhausted, when their places would be taken by others. The Juniata was housed on Blair street, and was known as the down town engine, the Allegheny being kept in a brick building that stood on Montgomery St., almost directly across from the present Phoenix building, and this engine was the up town one.

"The rivalry between these two companies was the talk of the town, and many a good fight took place between them. When a fire took place if near the canal and during the season when it was in operation, water was obtained from the same, at other times from wells until they were pumped dry or from the Juniata river. These engines were kept in good repair, and performed efficient service for years, but at last the people realized they did not have proper fire protection and on March 1st, 1871 The Phoenix Steam Fire Engine Company was formed and incorporated on May 4th of the same year.

"They purchased from L. Button and Son of Waterford, New York, at a cost of two thousand and twenty five dollars the steamer PHOENIX which rendered excellent service for years.

"Among the original members were W. S. McClain, John T. Akers, Thomas W. Jackson, Dr. W. C. Roller, John W. Goodfellow, John R. Bohn, L. L. Reamy, T. B. Rea, S. P. Barr, J. D. Hopkins, Philip Williams, W. H. H. Young, Frank Glessner, A. R. Traugh, James Lingafelt, C. H. Dannals C. S. Allen, Frank West, George Gibbs, C. H. Reed, Clarence Simpson, S. G. Barr, W. S. Buxton, S. M. Rhule, John Murray, Hugh Craig, J. D. Hemphill, A. C. Milliken, James Dunn, William

Crawford, I. Bollinger, Frank McGillan, John McKay and William Ritz, of these there are living today (1939) C. H. Reed and J. D. Hemp hill.

"After years of service the Phoenix steamer had outlived its years and a modern up to date pumper and hose truck combined was installed and operated as a fire engine by a gasoline motor. It is now housed in a modern, brick engine house, situated on the site of original Phoenix building, which was destroyed by fire in May 31, 1902. Both the steamer and hose carriage were for years taken to and from fires by man power a long rope being attached to steering pole and it was the chief delight of small as well as middle aged boys to help pull the engine home after a fire. In latter years a team of horses were obtained and they were used to haul the steamer to and fro.

"The largest fire Hollidaysburg ever had, not in amount of loss in dollars and cents, but in number of buildings destroyed, occurred on the 14th day of April 1881. It started in an unoccupied barn which stood on the corner of Wayne St., and Strawberry alley (the parsonage of Methodist church now being on this lot), and continued down that alley to Penn St., and up this street to Allegheny St., destroying ten or twelve houses and some twenty stables, together with numerous out houses, sheds, grape arbors, etc.

"A very singular thing occurred in connection with this fire, there was a large two story frame building occupied by Joseph Van Allman as a carpenter shop, that stood in line of conflagration and buildings on both sides as well as across the alley were destroyed, but not even a shingle on its roof was burned. Some twenty years afterwards a fire took place in Cherry alley, and sparks from that fire set this building in flames burning it as well as several others to

the ground. The Phoenix company have a long record for efficient service, they are, if not the oldest, among the oldest fire companies in central Pennsylvania, and still on the job, not only for fires in this town, but for all surrounding places."

"Among the prominent members of this company, there were none more so than John W. Goodfellow, he was for years the Treasurer of company, as well as Chief of Fire Department. He was a veteran of Civil War and served with General Sheridan's cavalry during most of that time, he having served from March 17, 1863 to July 20, 1865. Due to his knowledge and experience around canals, he was selected by General Merritt personally, to destroy and wreck the James river canal. To hear him tell how he did it one can understand that it was completely done and of no use to the enemy afterwards.

"A story is told regarding him, that illustrates his courage and lack of fear, and this tale we find to be correct. Among the citizens of this town was a character who was known as one of the town's bad men, he was full of fight, taking special delight in picking one at every opportunity and when drunk, which was often, was a dangerous man.

"He was not a member of Phoenix Fire Company, but one evening took possession of the place, armed with a large butcher knife, and declared himself as to what he would do with the result that all present left the building. A member of the company went to Mr. Goodfellow's store which was near by, telling him what had taken place.

"Mr. Goodfellow asked this party to tend store for him a few minutes and putting on his hat and coat entered the engine house, walked up to the party who was all the time waving the knife, hit him once, turned around to those who had followed to see the fun, telling them to get a

wheelbarrow and take the now inert fighter home. He was taken into the office of Dr. Roller across the alley and in due time came to with all the fight out of him, not only then, but for all time.

"In addition to Phoenix Fire Company, there was organized in 1840 the Diamond Fire Company, which was the first organized one in the town, but it was of short duration, being without equipment and was only a

bucket brigade. At one time the town boasted of two other companies besides the Phoenix. The Allegheny Hook and Ladder Co. which had a good modern truck of that day and age. Also the Goodwill Hose Co., who had a steam fire engine and hose carriage. Both of these companies rendered excellent service for years but both have passed out of existence some thirty years ago.

CENTENNIAL DAYS IN 1876

Uncle Sam's first attempt at holding a world's fair to attract the pressence and the shekels of the curious culminated in the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876. It was so successful that the big fairs succeeding it have become a national institution.

The name Centennial more or less vaguely suggests to us that it was held to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of our independence. What, at this distant day, we are not so familiar with, is the fact that the fair was only a symbol of a great revival in interest in the history of our country.

By Act of Congress passed March 13, 1876, it was provided that a historical sketch of every county and town be prepared and read to the inhabitants thereof who were asked to assemble themselves together for this purpose on a day appointed, and that a copy of these sketches should be sent to the Library of Congress, "to the intent that a complete record may be thus obtained of the progress of our institutions during the first centennial of their existence."

County History Recorded

Inquiry by the By-gone Days reporter failed to bring to light what was done in this respect to preserve the history of Blair county. Probably the writers preferred to rest on the

words of the incomparable U. G. Jones, whose "History of the Juniata Valley," had given little Blair flattering space.

On the other hand, ye editors of the weekly sheets which circulated throughout the country and in whom vested the power of pen in that busy period, may have been too busy calling each other liars and threshing out the inflammable politics incident to reconstruction, to write history.

Milton Scott Lytle rose to the occasion with a history of Huntingdon, which did that bailiwick ample justice. The Blair county reader notes an occasional jibe at Jones on the score of accuracy. On the whole, it is a wonderfully concise and reliable chronicle of our neighboring county on the east.

Coal Is Discovered

Mr. Lytle reveals something new about coal. As he writes, the farmers of the Broad Top section were at a loss to know what to do with the surfeit of the curious black stuff underlying the somewhat infertile top soil of the farms from which they tried to wrest a living of sorts.

In 1807, one Samuel Riddle inserted the following curious advertisement in the Huntingdon Gazette:

"Such of the Farmers as wish to make experiments with Stone Coal as a substitute for Plaster in manu-

ing their Indian Corn, may be supplied with the Coal gratis, upon application to Peter Hughes at Mr. Riddle's Mines, on the Rayetown Branch."

Evidently coal as fertilizer didn't go over, in spite of Mr. Riddle's further inducement that:

"The coal should be ground or beaten into a fine powder and applied at the rate of a handful to each hill of Indian Corn immediately after hill-ing and upon Grass at the rate of two or three Bushels to the acre.

"The sulphuric acid contained in the Stone Coal is said to destroy Turnip fly and to banish the cut worm and other destructive insects from the Gardens and Fields upon which it has been sown."

Were Unaware Of Coal Value

Experiments, proving coal lacked properties for enriching the soil, put an end to Mr. Riddle's ambitions to found a new industry. Its use as a fuel for smelting iron was not commercialized until about ten years before the Civil War. In the intervening years the inhabitants were all unaware of the money value of their useless stone coal which, try as they would, had none of the efficacy of lime stone in improving the ground.

Another experiment proved of far greater importance. In 1796, a German pioneer living near Huntingdon hit upon the idea of making an ark to float his crop of grain down the river to Baltimore.

The mountains and bad roads interposed obstacles to transportation that made the hauling of grain by horses unprofitable. The German, Cryder by name, contrived a kind of flat boat, which would float on the shallow waters of the Juniata and the Susquehanna. His initial trip panned out so well that others speedily followed his example.

Grain Transported By Ark

Up until the time of the building of

the turnpikes and the railroads the ark was employed to transport Morrisons Cove Grain to Baltimore. Farmers from the Cove hauled their grain to Stonerstown from whence it was floated to market by roustabouts, who made their living poling the unwieldy craft.

During the spring season, when waters were high, the swift current made crossing the rapids very dangerous. Arriving at their destination, the river men took the arks apart and sold them for lumber, since they could not float them against the current. The objection to this mode of travel was the loss sustained because nothing could be brought back on the return trip.

Mr. Lytle gives an interesting reference to the naming of Shade Gap. Naturally, anyone driving through this precipitous, luxuriously wooded chasm supposes its name was applied because of the deep shade. Except at noon, the gap lies in shadow. It can be said truthfully that the inhabitants have to lie on their backs to see the sun.

Origin Of Name Is Sinister

However, the historian claims that the origin of its name is far more sinister. In the earliest known records it was called "The Shadow of Death." Why, nobody knows. Later, it was abbreviated to "The Shades," until eventually it became merely Shade Gap.

Should the motorist ask, "Why McAlevy's Fort?" thereby hangs a rousing tale. General William McAlevy, who built the fort, had served courageously in the Revolutionary War. Opposed to the national constitution, he raised Ned after its adoption. Heading a mob of followers, he entered Huntingdon and proceeded to rough house the court.

When, at last, the side of constitutional law and order won out and indicted some of the rioters, General McAlevy's men erased some of the

court records and tore out others, thereby destroying the evidence against them. Since they were at variance with the law of the land, they believed they were right and the court was wrong.

"Knob Joch" Chilcoat, one of the early settlers of Trough Creek Valley, as related in the Lytle history, had a grudge against the world because he lost \$300. Asked how he lost it, he replied he had no hogs to eat the acorns.

Many Hardships Endured

An idea of the hardships endured by the first settlers may be gleaned from the following excerpt relative to one of the earliest pioneers in the vicinity of Shade Gap:—

"It is related that about this time, during a hard winter, Alexander Blair traveled on the snow on snow-shoes to his neighbor Jacob Gooshorn's house in Tell Township, about nine miles distant, with a bag of corn on his back, when the two made a small light sled, and on this each one put his little bag of corn, and with snow-shoes on their feet hauled it on top of the deep snow to a mill that stood on the Juniata river somewhere below McVeytown."

Whatever else they may have gained in literary style, newspaper writers have lost the flowery language which characterized their forerunners of sixty years ago. The poetical way they described comparatively insignificant things, is laughable to modern readers.

Female Aeronaut At Centennial

For instance, in describing the program given by the town of Huntingdon to celebrate the centennial, July 4th, 1876, the climax was a balloon ascension by a "female aeronaut" dressed as the Goddess of Liberty. After the stage was all set for this breath-taking event a storm broke, blowing the balloon from its moorings and burst it, leaving the flying god-

dess and the crowd as deflated as the gas bag.

The reporter described it thusly:

"The squadrons of the air were forming in line of battle; the huge airship, like some mighty ethereal monster impatient to be gone, fretted and strained upon her cables . . . one dull, heavy thud . . . one or two tremendous convulsive heavings, like the death throes of a mighty giant, and the mammoth airship, which a few moments before had assumed such tremendous proportions and such a swaggering air of defiance to the elements, now lay prone upon the earth, a mangled, shapeless mass of shreds and network; her gaseous contents had mingled with thin air, and the ascension for the day was over."

That seems a long string of adjectives but when we stop to think this was many years before the airplane was even imagined, let alone materialized into actual flight over the lanes of the sky, maybe a balloon was worthy of some verbal fireworks. One wonders whether any Cove residents still alive were present on this historic Fourth.

Decided To Build Huge Fountain

Proficient as was this unknown word artist, his adjectives pale in comparison with the descriptive powers of John Dougherty, Esq., who conceived the idea of building a summer resort on Jack's Mountain, overlooking Mount Union, whose chief attraction was to be a fountain, five hundred feet high.

Although the project never got beyond the language, except for the towering fountain, the word picture might be applied to Immergrun, the Charles Schwab country estate at Loretto, recently sold for the purpose of which Mr. Dougherty dreamed.

Thus does he rhapsodize:

"An alpine way, via the fountain, hotel and cottages, and thence through mountain vale and summit crest, with valleys deep down below;

hills succeeding hills, like waves on storm-tossed ocean, streams wending around river bend and through valley and gorge and by towns from whence comes upward the hum of in-

dustry, blended with hymns of praise; tolling of bells, the clang of hammers, splash of water wheels and the voice of locomotives."

Constructs Unusual Designs From Wood

Mention the "Puzzle Man" to anyone in Martinsburg, and his identity is known immediately. In the event you should make your remark in the presence of a boy, juvenile eyes will light up with interest and the information will be forthcoming:

"O yes, you mean Mr. Detwiler. Daniel D. Detwiler, on East Allegheny street. He whittles things out of wood. It takes a smart guy to figure them out. Some of them would floor a whole row of experts. We like to go to the house and rile up the old grey matter on them."

What Mr. Detwiler carves out with an ordinary pocket knife makes you wonder whether your eye sight is playing tricks. You see good-sized framed pictures and various curious wood contraptions that fill the cavity of bottles of various sizes but how did that bulk of solid material ever get past the narrow neck of the bottles?

As likely as not, Mr. Detwiler will tell you you have to know the words. You are quite ready to believe it was done by incantation or other magic. After hearing the explanation you realize the magic is endless patience and the knack of making that self-same ordinary pocket knife do the bidding of a delicately trained hand.

Puzzles Are Work Of Art

A collection of puzzles of intricate design constructed painstakingly of myriad small pieces of wood, cut to scale so accurately that the pieces fit together and stay in place without aid of glue. Joints dove tail so perfectly that they have the strength of a

single piece of wood. Square blocks, pyramids, animals, geometrical figures, some of them as beautiful as magnified snow flakes held static by the wood.

Perhaps the king pins of this unique collection are a rattle and a chain. The former is a genuine brain teaser because the solution of the hiding place of the rattle is a well guarded secret. The chain, over a yard long, was whittled out of a single block of wood.

Each link perfect and to carry out its likeness to a real cow chain it is fitted with a hook and swivel. The most marvelous thing about it, is the long center link in which there are three little loose balls. A box of pincers and other tools, all of wood, also are works of art.

Denied an active life, on account of the state of his health, Mr. Detwiler adopted wood carving as a hobby to pass leisure time. The interest it has for him, as well as for his friends keeps old age at bay. Busy fingers and mind occupied by the translation of its fanciful creations into tangible form, are the best health insurance for this energetic man, who takes his hobby as seriously as he did his bread and butter carpentering.

Was Raised On A Farm

Let's have a look at the background of our puzzle maker. Was he sprung from a line of woodworkers? He'll answer no. His father, Samuel S. Detwiler, was a farmer. The family at the time of Daniel's birth, January 31, 1873, resided on the farm north of Martinsburg, now owned by Charles Ake.

"We boys all were wood butchers," he says, "but father was not a carpenter. When we were little we picked up a liking for work of that kind from mother. She was handy with a hammer and saw. In those days farm women were accustomed to do all kinds of work.

"Mother was a Dilling. Catherine Dilling. Coon Dilling, Conrad was his right name, who used to live at Curryville, was her brother. Grandfather Detwiler, who lived with us, had been a cooper but in later life he had followed shoe making and cobbling. He had a store box full of wooden lasts of all sizes from the biggest to the least. These were lots of fun to us boys.

"Each of us got one pair of boots every fall. They had to last the whole year. Any time the soles wore thin, I, or any of my brothers, could half sole our own boots on grandfather's iron last, slick as a whistle. Used wooden pegs. They were used to keep the soles water tight. They swelled or shrank accordingly as it was wet or dry.

"There were six of us boys. Josiah, Henry, John, Frank, myself and Samuel. Henry, Frank and Samuel are dead. Josiah and John live in Altoona. My three sisters, Barbara, wife of D. K. Loose, Elizabeth, widow of J. P. Long, both of Roaring Spring, and Christine, the baby of the family, wife of Lawrence Furry, of Nebraska are living.

Boot Jack Was A Necessity

"Before going to bed, father and us boys took our turn pulling off our boots on the boot jack. That was some job in wet weather. Then we stood them back of the stove to dry out. Seven pairs made quite a row.

"I believe, though, the worst job was getting our boots on. You know the leather had shrunk as it dried out. Such pulling and kicking you never saw. We pulled at the straps with

all our might and kicked the toes against the base board of the kitchen. I guess that was what base boarus were for originally."

Like all boys and girls on the farm, the young Detwilers had to pitch in and work as soon as they were strong enough. There wasn't much time for play or amusements. No time and no money, either. Mr. Detwiler's recollections of the "chestnut orchard" on the Lytle place (Oaklawn Manor) supersedes all other juvenile pleasures.

Enjoyed Chestnut Hunting

The younger generation know nothing of the delights of chestnut hunting. Or for that matter, chestnut eating. The orchard consisted of maybe a dozen or fifteen acres of chestnut trees. Piney and Clover "crackers," young and old, looked forward to gathering a winter's supply of the succulent nuts after Jack Frost had burst the prickly green burs.

One time neighbor Dave Lehman invited Dan and Sam Detwiler to spend a day hunting chestnuts in the orchard. Mr. Lehman climbed up and bumped the trees, shaking down the brown coated beauties. The boys picked them from the ground and cracked the burs. When he decided to call it a day, Mr. Lehman divided the nuts equally into two shares. Each share amounted to almost a bushel.

It was nothing at all for the Detwilers to have a boot box full of nuts for the winter. Ever see a boot box! Well, it was sloped from a height in front to accommodate big boots to a lower level at the opposite end for the packing of boys' size. Madam Fashion put boot boxes out of circulation when she relegated boots to the has-been rubbish heap.

Illustration Proved Disastrous

Imagine a school room half full of boys and young men scraping their heavy boots over the floor. The noise must have been the bane of the

teachers' existence. Mrs. Detwiler, the former Carrie Shoenfelt, says she will never forget a demonstration given the pupils in the Stiffler school, down Piney Creek, by their teacher, the late Aaron Bechtel, of Williamsburg. He showed the boys the noise they made as they mounted the platform to go to the blackboard. He did it too well because he scraped his boot sole clear off.

Joe (Josiah) started it. Then one after the other, the Detwiler brothers got work in the car shops of the Pennsylvania railroad at Altoona. All except Henry. Henry farmed for Captain John Law, of Holidaysburg, on the latter's farm near Fredericksburg and on the Blair County Alms House farm during the stewardship of the late Philip Bridenbaugh.

Foreman Andrew Knipple used to say that he could make a good mechanic out of any young man who was willing to work. He liked to hire the country boys. He knew that they had the knack of turning their hands to any kind of work. The Altoona shops were the mecca of employment of multitudes of aggressive young Morrisons Coveites.

Chose Between Altoona And West

They chose between going to Altoona or the west. Quite a number of Mr. Detwiler's friends and schoolmates went west. Andy Stoner's, Henry Bowers' and Bill Bloom's boys nearly all went west. Made good, too. Now, that door of opportunity is closed. No other frontier remains to beckon young men to come after good jobs.

Mr. Detwiler has a service of forty-four years in the shops. On one occasion he had a narrow escape from death. George Stewart had his hammer stroke deflected by hitting a car diaphragm, swerving the hammer in such a way that it struck Mr. Detwiler on the side of the face at the base of the left ear. It made a deep

cut, otherwise doing no damage but Mr. Stewart was more scared than Mr. Detwiler.

Saw Man Blown To Pieces

The worst tragedy he ever saw was the explosion of a gas tank in 1905 which blew a man so high in the air that the body came down in pieces through the sky light of the freight shops. Mr. Detwiler's sister-in-law, who sat on her porch not far from the railroad yards, saw the body hurtle through the air.

One of Mother Detwiler's chores in the fall was to gather in the herbs from the "tea bed" in her garden and dry them for winter use — sage, thyme, saffron, wormwood, camomile, old man and various other herbs. She was nearly as good as a doctor at dosing the sick. In fact, a physician never was called in except at times of critical illness.

Home Remedies Were Used

While chopping wood, John Lehman, Jake Lehman's son, cut his foot making a dangerous gash. Mrs. Detwiler bandaged it. Thereafter he never permitted anyone to touch the foot or remove the bandage until the wound healed. And heal it did, in good shape. Physicians have made the discovery in late years that it is not well to keep wounds too clean.

When he was a boy of five or so, Samuel Detwiler cut the end of his right thumb, so nearly severing it, that it hung by a mere shred. Mother bound it up with salt. Eventually it healed so perfectly that it was good as new.

Sees "Headless Man"

Mr. Detwiler laughs at the spook stories the old timers told. They were hair raisers all right. He never believed in them but one night, dark as forty-nine black cats, as he says, he saw a man without a head. He was coming home from Martinsburg. There at the turn of the lane the apparition stood. The longer he looked

the more it looked like a man without a head. Nevertheless he walked up to it and discovered it was the corner post of the fence.

A hearty welcome awaits anyone who pulls the latchstring of their happy home. Mr. and Mrs. Detwiler live by themselves. Mr. Detwiler's children, born to his first wife, Jennie

Shoenfelt, deceased, live close enough that they can come home often. They are Lena (Mrs. Frank Romberger), Alice (Mrs. Elmer Johnson) both of Altoona, and Clair Detwiler of Turtle Creek. Ruth Margaret, Lawrence and Roy died in childhood. Frank died in 1923 at the age of 28 years and some months.

WILLIE WEARYEASY

**Willie Tells Of His Terrifying Experience When
Waking On A Cooling Board, Which Happened
While Enroute To The Fair**

Ten Ton Sock,
2 Nov., 1939

Dear Unkel Sammy:

i have riz from the ded, it is sick a horrifying spearunce that I don't no yet which end is up—head or feat. ile bet you thair haint but only me an the gang wot has the grate dittinchun of speekin from the grave. or more prezactly from the coolin bord.

about 6 weeks back the union i belongs to known as the Amalgamated Conglomeration of Sea Cooks, A. C. S. C. fur short, which is hand-ed together fur to make hi-uppity jobs fur the leaders an pervides club rooms ware the low-down members kin drink, argufy an raze Ned nice an comfortable, raffled off a auter-mobule.

fur a quarter, you cud git a chanct on a splinter, spang new car, well, it went jist like i expected. Windy Jake Jammer, the dubbel crossin sea cook, got it. heze president. Hank Setdown sez fur a fact that wen the

drawin wuz pulled off, ole Windy fixt it soze his number wuz the only wun put in the beer kaig thay wuz drawded frum.

ennyway, Windy Jake took his 1st trip in it to the World's fair, took me an Hank and Google Poodle an Peanut Pete, the Greek, wot makes the mule shoe he puts in his gin. Boys, o Boy! that stuft kicks so hard it makes you see pink alligators in no time a-tall.

Ile tell you, we had the kind of time you read about in The Police Gazette, but we steared clear of the coppers till the last, afore we gits to the fair, we makes out to stop at a kinda nite club over in Jersey.

I gess we gits a little lit, enny how Windy Jake allows he got short changed. Cripes, wotta a howl he set up, sed he wanted to see the prietor-soze he cud nock his block off.

Gosh, when the prietor hove in, he wuz so blamed big he looked like 3 men rolled in 1 with a tub uv lard throwed in fur dough belly. ole Windy

Jake got scairt wen he seed this jiant Fie Fi Fio Fum an tride fur to back down, sed he wuz jist foolin but i pushed him agin dough belly.

Next i knowed i wuz ded. Yes sir, thair i wuz stretched out in the morgue with Windy, Hank, Google an Pete layed out in a row cold, wen i seed we is all stiffs I yelled, "Help, help! ime ded."

then a pliceman cum in an sed, "iffen you don't shet your trap ile

finish the job Tony Galento began. yule stay ded iffen you gits another Kay-o. This haint no morgue, it's the cooler."

Shure enuff the big tub uv lard wot rocked up wuz Tony. i haint cum to yet, a wallop from him is same as the leckric chair, ime still all burned up.

Yours trooley,
Willie Wearyeasy

